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HARVARD COLLEGE.

REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1860.

1895—1900.

PRINTED FOR THE USE OF THE CLASS.

CAMBRIDGE:
JOHN WILSON AND SON.

University Press.

1900.

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CLASS OF 1860.

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“Let us Classmates be forever.”

CLASS SONG

P R E F A C E.

I HERE present to my Classmates the Report for the Fortieth Year of our Graduation. This year I have received replies from sixty out of the sixty-seven survivors, and during the past five years I have heard directly from sixty-three and indirectly from the remaining four; *no* member is lost. I have received replies from eleven out of the fifteen temporary members surviving. I have not succeeded in tracing BALCH, BROWN, ELDER, and T. P. SMITH; any help in this direction will be welcome. I here request my Classmates to send me early news of any changes or events such as have found record in this Report; I especially request them to write out names and dates in full and clearly. Some dates and parts of names will be wanting in this record, but I have entered all that has been sent as correctly as I could make out. I have forty pictures out of a possible sixty-seven, and earnestly beg for the remaining twenty-seven. I propose to send a copy of this Report to every member of whose address I am sure, and also to the families of those who have died since last report. Some very interesting matter is from the temporary members of the Class, and all of the above is addressed to them as well. As

some of them have felt diffident in appearing at the Class Reunions, I wish to assure them that as time goes on we are all the more strongly drawn to them, and they will always be gladly welcomed; we feel that they and their honorable record belong to the Class. Your Secretary here thanks the whole Class for their generous response to his appeal for the Fund; nearly every member, both Graduate and Temporary, has contributed.

Hoping that the blessing of health and prosperity may be with you all during the next five years,

I remain yours loyally to serve,

STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER,
Class Secretary.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

George Edward Henry Abbot, A. M.	
*Edward Gardiner Abbott	*1862
*Henry Livermore Abbott, A. M.	*1864
*Benjamin Faneuil Dunkin Adams, M.D. 1864	*1895
George Everett Adams, LL.B. 1865; M. C.; Overseer, 1895	
*William Hooper Adams, A. M. 1866	*1880
Henry Freeman Allen, Andover Theol. Sem. 1863	
William Sumner Appleton, A. M. 1864; LL.B. 1865; Memb. Mass. Hist. Soc.; Fellow Am. Acad.	
Henry Dean Atwood	
Frederic William Batchelder, A. M. 1865	
Selwin Zadock Bowman, LL.B. 1863; M. C.	
Frederic Wainwright Bradlee	
Lane William Brandon	
*Henry Burdick, A. M. 1868	*1882
Thomas Burgess, 1861; A. B. Oxford 1864	
Edward Carter, A. M. 1865	
Henry Austin Clapp, LL.B. 1864	
*William Gardner Colburn, LL.B. 1862	*1875
*John Treadwell Cole	*1871
William Ellery Copeland, A. M. 1864; Div. S. 1866	
*Caspar Crowninshield	*1897
*Julius Dexter, LL.B. Cincinnati 1865; Corr. Memb. Mass. Hist. Soc.	*1898
*Charles Henry Doe, A. M. 1872	*1900
Stephen William Driver, M. D. 1863	
*Edward Franklin Everett, A. M.	*1899
*Josiah Milton Fairfield	*1865
James Champlin Fernald	
Charles Henry Fiske	
*Thomas Bayley Fox, LL.B. 1862	*1863
William Eliot Furness, A. M.; LL.B. 1863	

- William Channing Gannett, A. M.; Div. S. 1868
 *Henry Ware Hall, 1883 *1864
 Frank Haseltine
 Audley Haslett, A. M.; M. D. Columbia (Coll. Phys. and Surg.)
 1867
 James Haughton, A. M. 1866
 Horace John Hayden, A. M.
 Henry Hinckley
 Wesley Otheman Holway, A. M. 1870; D. D. 1896
 *Julius Sedgwick Hood *1861
 *Mahlon Hopkins *1879
 Charles Adams Horne, Prof. Math. High S. Albany (N. Y.)
 *Edwin Johnson Horton, A. M. *1897
 Horace Howland
 Charles Alfred Humphreys, Div. S. 1863
 Francis Welles Hunnewell, A. M.; LL. B. 1864
 John Welles Hunnewell, A. M.; S. B. 1863
 *Horatio Deming Jarves *1883
 Edward Crosby Johnson
 Arthur May Knapp, Div. S. 1867
 Daniel Talcott Smith Leland, A. M.
 *Henry Leonard, A. M. *1875
 Henry Stephen Mackintosh, A. M.; Asst. Prof. Hist. U. S.
 Naval Acad. Annapolis (Md.)
 *William MacRea Magenist *1864
 *Charles James Mills *1865
 John Torrey Morse, Overseer; Memb. Mass. Hist. Soc.
 *Charles Redington Mudge *1863
 Myron Andrews Munson, A. M. 1865; Andover Theol. Sem. 1864
 Charles Alexander Nelson, A. M.
 *Edgar Marshall Newcomb *1862
 Franklin Nickerson, M. D. 1863
 *George Edward Niles, A. M. *1898
 George Sterne Osborne, 1861; M. D. 1863
 Hersey Goodwin Palfrey
 Charles Chauncy Parsons, LL.B. 1862
 *Daniel Webster Paul, A. M. *1893?
 *William Edward Perkins, LL.B. 1862 *1879
 *Charles Appleton Phillips *1877
 Silas Dean Presbrey, A. M.; M. D. 1865
 *William Matticks Rogers *1862
 Henry Sturgis Russell
 Henry Bruce Scott, LL.B. 1862
 *Robert Gould Shaw, 1873 *1863

- Thomas Sherwin
 Joseph Shippen, A. M. 1867
 *Benjamin Smith Skinner *1864
 *Addison Gilbert Smith, A. M. 1869 *1874
 Henry George Spaulding, Div. S. 1866
 John William Stearns, A. M. 1866; LL.D. Univ. Chicago 1877;
 Director Nat. Normal S. Tucuman (Argentine Repub.);
 Pres. State Normal S. Whitewater (Wis.); Prof. Philos.
 and Pedagogy Univ. Wis.
 Charles Wistar Stevens, École de Médecine (Paris) 1868; M. D.
 1870
 *Edward Ford Stokes, A. M. 1866 *1886
 Charles Walter Swan, A. M. 1864; M. D. 1864
 *Lewis William Tappan *1897
 James Bourne Freeman Thomas
 James Augustus Towle, Andover Theol. Sem. 1869; Prof. Greek
 Lang. and Lit. Ripon Coll. (Wis.)
 *Louis Walter Clifford Wade, A. M. 1872 *1899
 Alexander Fairfield Wadsworth, A. M.; LL.B. 1863
 Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth, A. M.; M. D. 1865
 *James Bryant Walker, Prof. Equity and Dean Law S. Cincinnati
 Coll. *1874
 *George Willis Warren, A. M. 1864; Andover Theol. Sem. 1867;
 Prof. N. T. Lit. Chicago Theol. Sem. *1888
 *Emory Washburn, A. M. 1864; LL.B. 1862 *1885
 Samuel Gilbert Webber, M. D. 1865
 Joseph Dunning Weed
 *Francis Minot Weld, A. M. 1871; M. D. 1864; Overseer . . . *1893
 George Walker Weld
 Stephen Minot Weld, A. M.; Overseer
 *George Fiske Weston, 1862 *1864
 Edmund Wetmore, LL.B. Columbia 1863; Overseer 1895
 Albert Blodgett Weymouth, A. M.; M. D. Bellevue Hosp. Med.
 Coll. (N. Y.) 1863, Bowd. 1866
 Nelson Joseph Wheeler, Newton Theol. Inst. 1863
 George Gill Wheelock, A. M. 1864; M. D. Columbia (Coll. Phys.
 and Surg.) 1864
 *John Corlies White *1872
 George Henry Whittemore, A. M.; Newton Theol. Inst. 1868
 Charles Albert Whittier
 *Arthur Wilkinson, 1881 *1860
 *Robert Willard, M. D. 1864 *1892
 *Israel Francis Williams, Div. S. 1863 *1864
 *James Henry Wilson *1892

William Converse Wood, A. M. 1865; Andover Theol. Sem.
1868

Calvin Milton Woodward, Ph.D. (Hon.) Washington Univ.
(Mo.); Asst. Prof. Math. and Prof. Math. and Pract.
Mechan. Washington Univ.; Dean Polytechnic S. Washing-
ton Univ.

George Brooks Young, A. M. ; LL.B. 1863; Just. Supr. Court,
Minn.

TEMPORARY MEMBERS.

*John Andrew	*1857
*Henry Martyn Atkinson, A. B. 1861; Pres. Woodland Colleg. Institute (Cal.)	*1887
*John White Chickering Baker	*1871
David Moore Balch, S. B. 1859	
*Nathaniel Saltonstall Barstow	*1864
*George Sidney Bowen	*1857
Charles Edwin Brown, Unknown	
*Walter Curtis	*1876
Frederic Henry Elder	
Henry Chotard Eustis	
Alfred White Gannett	
George Frederic Gay	
George Sears Greene	
Charles Henry Hall, D. V. S. Amer. Vet. Coll. (N. Y.) 1877; M. D. Univ. New York 1881	
Isaac Hills Hazelton, M. D. 1861	
*Arundel Hopkins, M. D. Univ. Maryland 1863	*1873
*William Guptill Hubbard, A. B. 1863	*1865
*Thomas Devereux Jones	*1863
*Numa Olivier Lauve	*1888
Frank William Lawrence	
Ion Hanford Perdicaris	
*George Brown Perry, LL.B. 1861	*1867
*Charles Alston Pringle	*1862
*William Rotch Rodman	*1860
*Warren Dutton Russell	*1862

*Charles Christie Salter, A. B. 1861 ; Div. S. 1865	*1870
*William Cadwalader Schley	*1888
Thomas Parker Smith	
James Henry Stearns, A. B. 1862	
James Pierce Stearns	
James Kent Stone, A. B. 1861 (1863); A. M. ; S. T. D. Racine (Wis.) 1868 ; Adj. Prof. and Prof. Latin, and Pres. Kenyon Coll. (O.); Pres. Hobart Coll. (N. Y.); Fr. Fidelis of Pas- sionist Order 1897	
*Ebenezer Francis Thayer	*1858
*Abner Francis Thompson	*1864
*Edmund Winchester Whittemore	*
*George William Wilson	*1872
*Henry Winsor	*1894

Members of the Class	66 + 44 = 110
Temporary Members	15 + 21 = 36
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	81 + 65 = 146

CLASS COMMITTEE.



STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER, *Class Secretary.*

HENRY STURGIS RUSSELL, *Class Treasurer.*

THOMAS SHERWIN.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

CLASS OF 1860.

ABBOT, GEORGE EDWARD HENRY. 1900. There is but little that I can say. I have never married, and am residing, with my sisters, in Groton, Mass. My health is generally good. I am in the habit of giving instruction, when called upon, to private pupils; and I do a little in land-surveying. I have also certain favorite studies, which engage much of my attention. I am a Republican in politics, and, of course, feel a profound interest in observing the course of public events. My cordial regards, please, to any Classmate who cares.

ADAMS, BENJAMIN FANUEIL DUNKIN. Oct. 29, 1895. I have just heard that B. F. D. Adams is just alive, and may pass away at any moment. It fills me with sadness, for he was a close and dear friend in college and in all the years of our medical studies and first years of practice. Oct. 30. To-day's paper has this. At Colorado Springs, Col., Oct. 28, Dr. B. F. D. Adams, 56 yrs., formerly of Waltham, Mass. (Harvard, '60).

Dr. Benjamin Faneuil Dunkin Adams, who died at Colorado Springs, Monday, was born in Waltham, April 13, 1839. His father was Dr. Horatio Adams, one of the leading physicians of his time, and his mother, Ann Bethune (Dunkin) Adams, died at the age of ninety-two. He graduated from Harvard College in 1860, and four years later from Harvard

Medical School, where he received the highest honors. After serving six months in the hospital at Rainsford Island, then the City Hospital, and six months in the surgical wards of the Massachusetts General Hospital, he went abroad to continue his studies. In 1866 he returned to Waltham to begin the practice of his profession. Here he remained with the exception of two years spent in Minnesota, until 1882, when ill-health obliged him to go to Colorado Springs, where he has since lived. Although only forty-three years old when he was obliged to give up work, he was recognized as one of the best physicians in the State. He was one of the most ardent advocates in establishing the board of health, and was the chairman of it from its beginning in 1880 until his removal from Waltham. He did much also to further the establishment of the hospital and of the Old Ladies' Home.

ALLEN, HENRY FREEMAN. Church Messiah, 200 Beacon Street, Boston. 1899. Allen's residence is Pension Tivoli, Lucerne, Switzerland. He is in charge of American Church in that town. Address is Brown, Shiply & Co. any time. The latest news comes in May, 1900, through a newspaper paragraph. On Saturday, April 28, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Florence, Italy, by Rev. A. A. Knollys, British chaplain, Rev. Henry F. Allen of Boston and Maria Anna, daughter of the late Tito and Antonietta Cantagalli of Florence.

APPLETON, WILLIAM SUMNER. June 3, 1896. Newton Centre. Writes: "I think of nothing to report except that I have a son who hopes to take his degree this month."

1900. All well. Have written "A Century of the Senate of the United States," reprinted from proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for March, 1895; "Views of Unitarian Belief Held by a Layman of Boston," written for the Unitarian Club, but never read before it, 1896; "Gatherings toward a Genealogy of the Coffin Family," 1890.

ADAMS, GEORGE EVERETT. 1899. Nothing but speeches. My year has been unsuccessful. But we are all well and happy. One disappointment was not to find you in when I called. I have a daughter preparing for College at Miss Kelly's school, 9 Channing St., Camb. So that when I go to an overseers' meeting I go to Cambridge to call on her. I am to make the Commencement Address, June 14, University of Illinois, and June 23 at the Bradley Institute at Peoria in this State. I suppose I shall survive and be at Commencement as usual. Last year I stayed away because I was a candidate for overseer.

1900. All well.

ATWOOD, HENRY DEAN. 1896. Since last report my youngest son, Harry C. Atwood, has been appointed Commissioner to Mexico at the International Exposition to be held in the city of Mexico in 1896-97. I received last week the Medal and diploma, given by the Columbian Exposition at Chicago to *this* company for its exhibit there; and my son received a special diploma from the Board of lady managers. My oldest son, Dr. Charles A. Atwood, during his term of service at the Morton Hospital in this city, performed the operation of Abdominal Nephrectomy successfully. For myself, I have been appointed by the London Committee of the A. & H. A. Co. to write the poem to be delivered at the banquet in the King's Hall in London next month.

1897. I have no occurrences to report during the past year, other than that of crossing the Atlantic as one of the A. & H. A. Co.

1898. During the past year, I have been doing some literary work. Prepared a paper on the death of King Philip, which I read in Boston in November, 1897. Colonel Church, the commander of the expedition was my ancestor. Delivered poem before the State Board of Agriculture, Dec. 7, 1897, poem before William H. Bartlett Post 3, G. A. R., May 30, 1898, and have written one to be delivered before King David Lodge, A. P. & A. M. of this city, which cele-

brates its 100th Anniversary, June 15. Also have compiled two volumes of prose and a Book of Poems, selected from previous writings, — the last of which I hope to have printed this fall. My oldest son is practising medicine here; my youngest son is in charge of a Department at Cobb, Bates, & Yerxa.

1899. Published book, "Last Arrow and other Poems," of which am sending you copy. The American Smelting and Refining Co., with headquarters in New York, have bought the works of the "Phœnix Crucible Co.," owned by me and have installed myself as manager, and my son Harry C. as Assistant Manager and Cashier. The deal was made this month. The company comprises some of the largest smelters and refineries in this country, and has a capital of \$65,000,000, and we are enlarging.

BATCHELDER, FREDERICK WILLIAM. 1899. Mrs. Batchelder and I have both suffered from serious illness, she from a tumor, which was successfully removed by Dr. J. W. Elliott of Boston, I from bronchitis. I am on my 4th year as organist and director of music in the Unitarian Church in Concord, N. H. I write music once in a while, but it does not pay to publish it. I write occasionally musical criticisms for the local papers, also articles on natural topics. An Institute of Arts and Sciences has recently been formed here on the pattern of the Salem Institute, and both of us are workers in and for it. Mrs. B. particularly in the ornithological, and I in the botanical section. We are also leaders in the N. H. Audubon society.

1900. All well. Compiled Botanical and Ornithological Reports for "Proceedings of Manchester (N. H.) Institute of Arts and Sciences" for 1899. Sail for Europe on Silver Wedding journey May 19th to return in August.

BOWMAN, SELWIN ZADOCK. 1896. The only change which I can think of is, that a year more is added to my life, and that fact is very uninteresting.

1897. I have helped to swell the ranks of College graduates by the graduation from Wellesley of my daughter, Mabel E., who now expects to go to Radcliffe for a two years post-graduate course, and thus to indirectly imbibe at a respectful distance some of the classical atmosphere of Harvard. My youngest daughter, Ethel, and only other child, is a sophomore of Wellesley. I have just resigned the city solicitorship of Somerville, which I have held for nine and one half years, and henceforth mean to attend to my private practice and, eschewing politics and public office, lead that virtuous life which the world will naturally expect of the Class of 1860.

1898. Am still practising law in a life without incident.

1899. In statu quo, generally.

1900. All well.

BRADLEE, FREDERIC WAINWRIGHT. 1899. June. I have heard from Bradlee every year. "All well, nothing new to report."

BRANDON, WILLIAM LANE. August 18, 1897. A grandson, Lane Brandon Buchanan, was born Sept. 14, 1895.

June, 1899. Marriages? Youngest daughter, Mary R. Brandon, to James Davenport Wood on March 22, 1899.

Births, — Granddaughter, Mary R. Buchanan, born Dec. 26, 1898.

My report is very brief, partly out of consideration for you, and from the fact that "a short horse is soon combed." I feel the ravages of time, but try to grow old gracefully, as kicking would do no good, and as I believe that everything that is, is for the best. I hope to be present at the Class Meeting with you, next year. I have great desire to see again the old boys and the place, of whom, and of which I have the most pleasant recollections.

BURDICK, HENRY CLAY.

My dear Sir, — Glancing over the Class news in the December number of the "Graduates' Magazine," I notice

in your news of the Class of 1860 that "of one member, Henry Burdick, no news whatever has been received for a long time."

"Burdick was a lawyer here and member of the Harvard Club from 1874 till his death, some ten years ago. He died of consumption at the Home for Incurables, from whose records you can, no doubt, get exact information.

"He was failing in health for several years, and became very poor. But even with the hand of death upon him, and destitute, his kindly smile and gentle voice were ever ready to greet his friends.

"I should like to say more of him, but it saddens me to recall his last visit to me."

Very truly yours,
JAMES B. GALLOWAY, '70.

Burdick died at the Chicago Home for Invalids, corner Ellis and 56th Sts., Jan. 22, 1882, as per letter from F. D. Mitchell, superintendent. James B. Galloway of Class of '70 was a kind friend to him in his last days, and speaks very highly of his lovely patience as he sank under consumption. The Class is much indebted to Galloway, and here returns him kindest thanks.

BURGESS, THOMAS. 1896. I have only just received your note, having been absent in Europe. I think just at the time of the last Report of '60, I was still Business Manager of the New York "Morning Journal," resigned that position in consequence of a change of ownership of the paper last October, since which time I have been travelling in Europe. My present address is at the University Club, New York, but I expect to be next winter in Pau in the south of France.

1898. I arrived yesterday, after two years' absence in Europe, and was very much pleased to get a line from my old Classmate. I have given up the newspaper business, and, being still unmarried (and certainly likely to continue

so) I feel at liberty to loaf a little. I have spent the last two winters at Pau, France, and shall return there again in the autumn for one more season. Of course, I always take a very great interest in hearing news of our Class, and hope you will send me a line from time to time.

1899, June 16. "All well," nothing new since I last had the pleasure of communicating with you. At our age personal history does n't manufacture itself as rapidly as it did in the early days after graduation. I live now chiefly in Pau, France.

1900. Received a bright letter this year that I have mislaid. SEC.

CARTER, EDWARD. 1896, April 8. 623 La Gauchetiere St., Montreal, P. Q.

CLAPP, HENRY AUSTIN. 1896. My son, Roger, entered Harvard last July, and is a member of the Class of 1899, which is the largest Class up to date, and gives promise of great things, if we are to take as true a half of what its instructors, and a tenth of what its members, say of it.

1897. I can send only the "no news" which I know better and better, the older I grow, to be "good news." My son Roger is now half way through his academic course at Harvard. But even these boys of 1899 will see no more centuries on this terrestrial ball than we of 1860 will see. *Most* of us of 1860, I mean. Ehem! Some are also already advanced beyond the stars, to where the centuries are but unsignifying grains of sand in the hourglass of Eternity.

1898, Oct. and Nov. Series of Lowell Institute lectures on Shakespeare Nov. 1st, Duke and Viola.

June 16, 1898. Nothing worth reporting except symptoms of advancing age, the pains and discomforts of which your profession has shown itself incompetent to remove. Nothing the less however do I esteem physicians in general, and yourself in particular.

1899. This year my only son Roger takes his A. B., as a member of the Class of 1899.

1900. All fairly well. Have written one story in the New England Magazine for Dec. 18, 1899, one article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for July, 1900.

COPELAND, WILLIAM ELLERY. 1896. With pleasure I respond "All well," though had I received your letter a month or two ago I might have replied differently, for then I had just been relieved of a tumor of a cancerous nature, and did not know how the operation would terminate. I am now in robust health, and good for many years of work. My oldest son Harold graduated this year from Stanford University. I should like to have sent him to Harvard, but it is a long distance across the continent. He is prepared to work at electrical engineering, and if any of the Class know of an opening in that direction I should be glad to be informed. Give my warm heartfelt love to any of the Class who may assemble on Commencement Day, and when you surround the punch bowl, think of your Classmate on the banks of the Willamette who will be thinking of you. Though I am at the jumping off place, still I am bound to Cambridge as in the olden time, and in close ties to the Class of Sixty.

Aug. 19, 1897. San Diego. Your letter has followed me here where I am preaching for a few Sundays. On July 3d my oldest son, Harold T. Copeland, died of typhoid fever. I am still in charge of the Unitarian Church in Salem, Oregon.

1898. I am hoping and expecting to secure another parish, shall spend my vacation in looking for a new location. Cordial greetings to the Class, it does not seem possible that twenty-five years have passed since Memorial Day, where we dined under the elms after return from the war, and now I am reminded that we are living over the old days, as my youngest son, now twenty, mourns rejection from our Oregon Regiment because of deafness.

1899. Papers? Only a number of sermons published during the year. Greeting to the Class of '60. As the years

roll by, and our numbers lessen, I am the more anxious to attend a meeting of the Class. Something may occur so that I can attend the fortieth anniversary of our graduation. I hope so.

1900. All fairly well. Am national organizer of the Co-operative Brotherhood. Have published more sermons than usual in the "Oregonian," principal State paper. Burley, where I am to make my home, is on Puget Sound, thirteen miles from Tacoma, and I consider Puget Sound, and the surrounding country, the most beautiful part of the United States. I send a copy of the "Plans and Purposes of the Brotherhood," and the By-Laws, that you may know something of the movement. I wish that I could be with the Class on the fortieth anniversary. Not a very large number will be present, if I am alive at the fiftieth; I may be, for the Pacific coast is favorable to longevity. We shall probably have State ownership of railways, and I then can afford to make the trip. Greetings to all.

CROWNINSHIELD, CASPAR. There are old families in which activity in the service of the public is hereditary by right of ability, and there are other old families that never do anything but grow older. In the former category the Crowninshields may be classed. Perhaps they have not attained positions that made them cynosures of all eyes, but they have ever given their best services to the country.

In this city, Jan. 10, 1897, Caspar Crowninshield, Class of '60, Harvard College. Funeral at 109 Commonwealth Av., at 12 o'clock M., Jan. 12. Born in Boston, Oct. 23, 1837.

Caspar Crowinshield, who has just left us, marching into the shadow, was one of the many gallant officers who became soldiers because to be a soldier in a crisis of the country's fate was to them the highest expression of citizenship. He was major of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry when it went to the front, its colonel being Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., and its lieutenant-colonel Henry S. Russell. Here were representatives of "old families," and how fearlessly they led

was witnessed in the heroic death of Colonel Lowell, and by the smoke-stained and bullet-torn standard of the regiment, which called forth a storm of cheers as the spectators at the grand review of 1865 caught sight of it.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I hope it is not too late in this hurrying world of ours to say a few more words about General Crowninshield. In a letter written from the battlefield by General William Dwight, on whose staff I had the honor to serve as surgeon-in-chief of the First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, occurs the following passage. It alludes to the third charge made after Sheridan's ride from Winchester, and after Lowell had been mortally wounded. This extract was made by Surgeon William H. Thayer of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, and was published in the Springfield Republican of Dec. 6, 1896.

JOHN HOMANS.

164 Beacon St., Boston.

"It was in one of the most important of these charges that Lowell was mortally wounded. He led a first charge of his brigade, and was repulsed and wounded in the lung; he almost fell from his horse, but, recovering from the blow, he insisted on remaining in the saddle and leading the second charge—which was also unsuccessful, but in which he met his death-wound. Poetry has nothing more attractive than this reality. The third and successful charge was led by Caspar Crowninshield. He is as brave as Lowell,—nature can do no more for any one,—but he says the fire there was more terrible than anything he ever saw. 'Why,' said he, 'Ball's Bluff was child's play.' He added: 'I never expected to succeed or to get out alive, but I saw the infantry charging on the right, and I charged, and said: "God, just take my soul!"' With such men to lead, all things are possible. Do you think you can turn to the pages of history and find anything that will surpass the heroic devotion of those young gentlemen of Massachusetts?"

In General Caspar Crowninshield died one of the most gallant and competent soldiers whom Massachusetts sent to the war of the Rebellion. Born in 1837, and educated in

Boston schools, he entered Harvard College in 1856, and was graduated in 1860. Rumors of war were filling the air, and in common with many friends the next winter he joined, as a private, the Massachusetts Fourth Battalion of Infantry, commanded by Major (afterwards Major-General) Thomas G. Stevenson, which served to him, and many of our best soldiers, as an admirable school of instruction. Within a short time after the breaking out of the war he received a commission as captain, commanded by Colonel William Raymond Lee, his commission bearing date the 10th of July, 1861. After some months service in the field, he quitted this regiment to accept a captaincy in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, — a branch of the service he preferred, and for which subsequent events showed him to be admirably fitted. In this regiment he served in South Carolina and Virginia, and his reputation as a cavalry officer was such that when, early in 1863, Colonel Charles Russell Lowell formed the Second Massachusetts Cavalry he was offered and accepted the senior majority in that regiment. Lowell was soon placed in command of the cavalry of the department of Washington and later of the "Provisional Brigade" of the Army of the Shenandoah, and still later of the "Reserve Brigade" of the First Cavalry division in General Sheridan's command, consisting of four regiments of regular cavalry, a battery of regular artillery, and the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, so that the command of this regiment, in the absence of the lieutenant-colonel upon other duty, devolved upon Major Crowninshield. Later he received promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and upon Lowell's death to that of colonel, and succeeded Lowell for some time in command of the famous "Reserve Brigade." Colonel Crowninshield served with Sheridan through all the campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley, and in the Appomattox campaign, and was present at General Lee's surrender. He received the brevet of brigadier-general for gallantry May 20, 1865, and bade farewell to his regiment on the 20th of June, 1865, after a continuous active service at the front throughout the entire war.

Gifted by nature with an athletic form, perfected by continuous manly exercises, he was able to successfully fulfil the demands of the most rigorous campaign. In temper, he was bold, cool, and prompt. He was able to see clearly, to decide both rapidly and rightly, and with it he had that happy temperament and bonhomie which inspired confidence in his superiors, and made him the constant object of the love and admiration of the men in his command. From his boyhood and College days he had been used to leadership among his fellows. In that famous Class of '60, the line in whose Class song, "Here comes Sixty, clear the way," has been so gloriously illustrated by a contribution of sixty-one men out of a total of one hundred and ten to the War of the Rebellion, he was easily and always a leader. Stroke in the 'varsity (when the crimson always won), chief marshal on Class day, president of numerous societies, the Caspar Crowninshield of that day received the just admiration of every one, for he got what he ought to have, and he got it without the asking, as a just tribute to the genuine qualities which made him the man he was. In the army he belonged to regiments famous for the soldiers they produced. In the Twentieth were General William F. Bartlett, Colonel Palfrey, Colonel Revere, Colonel Macy, and that extraordinary soldier, Major Henry L. Abbott, and in both the First and Second Cavalry many admirable officers, whom, with the exception of the lamented Charles Russell Lowell, it would be invidious to particularize.

He was during the whole war constantly at the front, and in the active, fatiguing service which was the characteristic of our cavalry. From the time, when after the disaster at Ball's Bluff, on the south side of the Potomac, leaving the skiffs to his men, he plunged, like Horatius, into the river, and swam to the other shore, to the ninth day of April, 1865, when at the head of his regiment near Appomattox Court House, his life was saved by the failure of a rebel shell, which struck at his feet, to explode, he was constantly on duty. His story is the story of the campaigns of the cavalry in South Carolina, in front of Washington, in the valley of

the Shenandoah and around Petersburg and Richmond. A young man of twenty-six, he was thought fit by Sheridan, when General Lowell fell at Cedar Creek, to succeed to the command of the "Reserve Brigade," mainly composed of regulars, and he led it through that battle. It is recorded that in August, 1863, the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, or portions of it, were under fire for twenty-one consecutive days, and in July and August of that year marched over eight hundred miles. To every position where fortune placed him, he was found fully equal. He left the service only when peace was restored, and when on leaving his regiment, he bade his men good-by, there was not, it is said, a dry eye.

General Crowninshield married, Nov. 11, 1868, Miss Elizabeth Copley Greene, who does not survive him. He leaves two daughters, Harriet Sears, wife of David H. Coolidge, Jr., and Elizabeth Copley, wife of George Lee Peabody. Since the war he has lived at Boston, and in the summer at Nahant. Having an ample competence, he was not required to pursue any business avocation, but he has always been a constant and an interested student of military affairs, and his criticisms of the campaigns both of our own and foreign armies have always been conspicuously intelligent and just. He leaves many friends to mourn his loss.

J. L. S.

To the family of General Caspar Crowninshield, we, his surviving Classmates, gathered at Commencement, June 30, 1897, wish to express our sense of personal loss, in his death, our happy memories of his leadership in our athletic sports and our Class Day festivities, our admiration of his splendid services as a soldier, and our love for him in all social relations.

DEXTER, JULIUS. 1896. I was candidate for State Senate on the Democratic ticket last November, and was defeated. I am President of the Sound Money (gold) Club, and of the Harvard Club here. Am a busy man, and continue to enjoy excellent health, not having been ill enough since graduation to be confined to my bed.

June 18, 1898. I have little to say about myself except that I cannot be in Cambridge this year to meet the fellows. I was a candidate last November, and wrote the address of which a copy is inclosed. At the election the National Democrats in Ohio cast only about 1600 votes.

With good wishes to you and all.

Julius Dexter died Oct. 21, 1898.

MEMORIAL OF JULIUS DEXTER, AS ADOPTED BY THE
CINCINNATI OPTIMIST CLUB, OCT. 29, 1898.

The avowed purpose of this Club is to look steadfastly towards the good side of men and things; and to treat the bad as but soil to be tilled and by hard work improved and made fruitful for good.

But with regard to Julius Dexter this purpose failed, failed because he had no bad side. Of him we may truly say:—

“Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.”

The very matters which in life drew on him most censure, are the brightest jewels in his crown of fame. And of these we may freely speak.

Where he foresaw evil, he hesitated not to speak, to warn, and, if need were, to act,—taught by experience to expect scoffs and sneers,—nor ever yielded to public clamor or private solicitation till the goal was won, or defeat irrevocable declared.

This repeated warning of evils to come if evil paths were followed, led many to regard him as pessimistic by nature, and to think it the height of contradiction that he of all men should be a member, and a leading member, of a club of optimists. Such knew not the man nor the true meaning of this club and its name. Far be it from us to be optimists like Voltaire's Pangloss, to believe whatever is is best. We are the Cincinnati Optimists not in any such self-conceited, self-deceived sense, but to make Cincinnati the best.

To this end Julius Dexter helped organize this Club, and

to it he looked for great assistance in that which was ever nearest his heart—the constant betterment of this city, not merely in its financial credit, which was peculiarly in his charge, but in all branches of its government, in its physical condition, its business welfare, its intellectual and æsthetic surroundings.

In every movement looking toward these objects he was ever foremost. Our own records will show how frequently he called on us for action regarding them.

Because of the original object of our existence, and its correspondence with his own views of civic duty, we love most to dwell on this aspect of his character. It brought him into every field of civic usefulness.

In institutions for development in government, law, commerce, history, philosophy, music, pictorial and plastic art, as well as upon the city's sinking fund commission, he long and until his death held official position and rendered active service.

Yet in all these multiplied forms of public activity he did not neglect the duties of private friendship and social life.

To the afflicted, to those bereft of counsel or advice, rich or poor, high or low, he was always ready to give the warning voice, the wise counsel, and if need were the helping hand. Those so dependent on him for whom he was the voluntary and free trustee, and whose affairs have prospered under his wise and prudent management, far exceeded in number those of any other one man. No worthy cause, public or private, ever appealed to his purse in vain. Nor were there often such appeals to him; for he foresaw the need and anticipated the request. To his personal friends he was a beacon and a benison.

He carried the highest virtues of the soldier into private and civic life. Was there an onerous task demanding labor without reward, a public service subjecting him who performed it for the time to censure or ridicule, a forlorn hope demanding a victim, he never shrank or waited to see if some one else would offer, but hastened to do what man could do.

In contemplating the life of such a man, himself the son of an Englishman, many passages from the ode on the death of England's soldier-statesman ring upon our memory, and in these days of warming attachment for our motherland we may bridge the gap that has separated our peoples, identify her history with ours, and in our Julius too we may

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,

Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength,
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.

Then 'honor, honor, honor to him,
Eternal honor to his name.'"

DOE, CHARLES H. June 2, 1896. Have taken passage in the Cunard S. S. Gallia, from Boston, sail June 6, at 4.30 P.M. My wife and daughter will go too. We shall spend the summer in England, and further deponent saith not. Harry, my elder boy, remains City Editor of the "Gazette." My younger son, Alex., now nearly twenty-one, has been nearly a year with the Washburn & Moen Company, in the Chemical Dept.

Saturday evening, May 2, 1896. Mr. Charles H. Doe will retire at the close of the business day from the position of Editor-in-Chief of the "Gazette," which he has held since April, 1869. He has also sold out his controlling interest in the paper.

Mr. Doe withdraws, not because he is superannuated, nor, so far as his physician will admit, about to die. But the routine of newspaper work is always wearisome, and after so

long a service, he finds it harder every week to keep out of the ruts, and be always fresh. The evolution of journalism, also, has brought about changes and innovations, with which Mr. Doe is not wholly in sympathy. He has felt that certain changes were needed in the paper, which could best be brought about by a re-organization, and which would be more quietly effected and more successful without him.

Mr. Doe, in taking leave, in his editorial capacity, of the public of the City and County of Worcester, with whom he has been so long in excellent accord, begs to thank his friends for their many kindnesses and for their sympathy and co-operation. It was his purpose not to write any "farewell address," a proceeding very dignified and warrantable in George Washington, but not followed by succeeding Presidents, or lesser rulers, except perhaps during the social relaxation of legislative bodies, at the close of a session.

He desires this opportunity of publicly thanking the men associated with him on the "Gazette," from the top of the building to the bottom, without exception and without distinction, for their faithfulness, their kindness, and their often proved devotion to the paper and to himself.

To the editors in Massachusetts and other States who have so thoughtfully and kindly alluded to the proposed change and to Mr. Doe himself, or who may later mention it, now that it has become an accomplished fact, Mr. Doe begs to extend here his hearty thanks.

June 11, 1898. In the last two years, I have not been making history or even autobiography. I sold the "Gazette" about June 1, 1896, and am feeling much better after a long vacation. My works, internally, have not been taken out and renewed, but they seem in very good repair.

I spent the first summer in England, Wales, and Scotland, and the second summer quietly and pleasantly in Nova Scotia, accompanied both years by my wife and daughter.

I shall not be at Cambridge at Commencement Day, but expect to go to Chiston, Nova Scotia, in a few days. I feel very strongly about the war and other matters, and should be

sorry, indeed, to make myself disagreeable to old and valued friends. So please consider me as withdrawn into my shell, although I hope I may not be regarded, quite yet, as a crab.

Yours sincerely.

Charles H. Doe died in St. John, New Brunswick, Aug. 15, 1900, of Bright's disease. The death of Charles H. Doe, although he had not been in strong health for many years, came to many as a shock. He had not in recent years been actively engaged in newspaper work, but he ranked as one of the veterans, and he deserves most kindly remembrance. His early training was on the "Advertiser" in the times when Charles Hale was editor-in-chief. He had excellent taste, a fine education, facility in the art of written expression, and a gentle, charming humor. During the many years that he edited the "Worcester Gazette" he made it acceptable to the best people for the freshness, reasonableness, and fine spirit of the editorial columns. Perhaps the quality he lacked for making a larger figure in his chosen work was an aggressive ambition. Whatever he did, he did well, and with a certain delicacy of touch that was delightfully appreciated. He was loyal, but shy and reserved, in personal attachments. His memory will be a pleasant retrospect of many good men and women.

DRIVER, STEPHEN WILLIAM. 1896. Visited England, France, and Belgium with his daughter, Martha E. Driver.

1897. Visited new places in England and France with his wife and daughter. Read a paper before the Harvard Medical Alumni Association on "The Present Condition and Future Development of the Harvard Medical School."

1898. Took a trip to England and France to meet his wife and daughter, who had been studying vocal music in Paris. Took, as a travelling companion, Jared Sparks Moore, a grandson of President Sparks of Harvard.

1899. Sailed for England in July to meet wife and daughter. All spent the summer together in Conway, North

Wales, — when his daughter, being present at the Warranted Garsedd, which has met for over two thousand years every August on Taliesin's lawn banks of Geironyth lake, took the first Bardic degree for attainments in music, and was initiated with the name of Llinos Maldwyn. It was very quaint, to go back eight hundred years and live in the surroundings of the first Edwards. His daughter, having made her début before the Liverpool Philharmonic in October, 1899, has been singing with notable success in St. James Hall, Salle Erard, Steinway Hall, London, at the Crystal Palace concerts, and in Plymouth. He did the largest winter's work of his life, especially in February, March, and April of this year, and is writing up the Class report in view of the noblest scenery of the White Mountains, at Sunset Hill, Lisbon, N. H., and is thankful to feel so well and rested. To work on the report is a daily pleasure.

EVERETT, EDWARD FRANKLIN. 1896. My health is better than a year ago, and all is well.

1897. Am in better health than three years ago, but do not weigh quite so much. I hope all our Class can say the same.

1898. My eyesight is not so good, and I have bought my first pair of spectacles.

1899. Same even tenor. Mill-inspector for stock fire insurance companies, forming the "New England Bureau of United Inspectors." Health is good, sleep, eat, and work well. Wrote an account of Richard Everett, the progenitor of the Everett family in New England, to which was added a list of some sixty of his descendants who have been college graduates. Published in "The First Century of the History of Springfield," edited by Henry M. Burt. Have compiled an account of the first three generations descended from "John Fuller of Ipswich, 1634," to be probably published in July number of New England Historical General Register.

Edward F. Everett, well known in fire insurance circles, died yesterday, Sept. 26, 1899, at his home, 31 Sacramento

St., North Cambridge. He was sixty years old, and was the oldest inspector in the employ of the New England bureau of united inspection. Years ago he was senior partner of the firm of Everett & Wass.

Mr. Everett was a member of Kinsley Post 113, G. A. R., and the Loyal Legion. He was also past master of Henry Price Lodge, F. A. M., of Charlestown, and a member of Boston Lafayette Lodge of Perfection. He was also a member of several insurance organizations. He leaves a widow.

The Class of 1860 sincerely mourns the death of our brother, Edward F. Everett. We knew him as one whose life was full of loyal service wherever duty called. Well he served his country, well he served his State, and well he served his bureau. He was beloved in his home, and by all his friends, and respected by all who knew him. He had a warm love for his Classmates, was proud of his Class, and zealous for his College. The record of his life is an honor to us. We tender our true sympathy to his well beloved wife and family, and share in their sorrow.

The Class of 1860 by

STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER, Secretary.

FERNALD, JAMES CHAMPLIN. 1896. All o. k. Reading last proof of my book of synonyms and proofs in B. of "Students' Standard Dictionary." A warm heart for my old friend, and for all the Classmates of '60.

I may say my "Students' Standard Dictionary," has made an assured place, a new edition of 25,000 having just been printed. It has won almost universal approval. I am now engaged in taking out what can be spared to make a smaller one for Grammar Schools. I have also published "The Spaniard in History" which I sent you, and the "Home Training of Children," which I will send. Had a little celebration, or Silver Wedding, last Saturday, with four sons and three daughters to make it enjoyable.

1899. Books published: "The Imperial Republic," "The Home Training of Children," "The Classic Speller," "The

Standard Intermediate School Dictionary" (a new abridgment of the "Standard" to 38,000 words with definitions recast in simple phrase). Hard work and increase in knowledge with improving outlook toward the more there is to learn, with the determination to learn some of it, and to use it somehow to help some others. I am now preparing a series of school Readers on new lines, and in correspondence with educators, throughout the English-speaking world therefor. My wife is sojourning in the mountains for threatening lung trouble, which we hope may be so arrested.

1900. Reports hard work none of which is in print. The best is that I have been steadily and rapidly learning, and have enjoyed the process. My children all take to study like ducks to the water, and my five-year old has decided to go to Harvard. Am preparing a volume of 1000 pages octavo, "Side Lights of Science."

Cordial remembrance to Classmates.

FISKE, CHARLES HENRY. 1896. I remain the same as last year, as far as I know, except the natural and to be expected gradual decay of my powers of body and mind caused by the advancing years.

1899. I have not been born, I have not been married, and I have not died during the past year. I have written nothing worthy of note, and I have received no honors, and I have done practically nothing.

Fiske's wit was as keen as a brier when I last saw him.

SEC.

FURNESS, WILLIAM ELIOT. 1896. I have been getting poor, but up to date am honest. My youngest daughter graduates at Bryn Mawr to-morrow, and my only boy is, I hope, through his Sophomore year at Harvard.

1897. My boy left Harvard during this year, and went into employ of the Iowa Cent. Ray. Co., at Marshalltown, Iowa, May 1st. On the 21st of June my oldest daughter, Grace Eliot Furness, died at Sierra Madre, Cal. (where she

had been for nearly four years on account of her health), very suddenly. She was nearly thirty years old. My youngest daughter, Bertha Wadsworth, graduated at Bryn Mawr College, June, 1896.

• 1898. On June 16, 1898, my third child and daughter, Ruth W. Furness, will be married to James Foster Porter, '95. In April, 1898, my son James T. Furness enlisted in the 49th Iowa Vol., Co. H, is now a corporal, and regiment expects to go to Jacksonville, Fla. The family has a head during the year though times have been hard.

Oct. 18, 1898. My son, James T. Furness, died of typhoid fever at Jacksonville, Fla., on Sept. 9, 1898. He was born Sept. 9, 1876. He was just twenty-two years and two days old. His death has left us heart-broken, for he was a dear good fellow, my pride and joy. Yours ever.

June, 1899. Married, Ruth W. Furness, third daughter to James F. Porter, Class 1895, June 16, 1898. This year has been a sad one. The death of my son leaves no one to carry on the name after I have gone over to the majority.

1900. Born, a granddaughter, Nancy Foster Porter, July 5, 1900. Am senior vice-commander of the Commandery of Mo. L. L. U. S. My practice has been fair. During the year have been much interested in efforts to improve the Public School System in Chicago. Go to Europe in June, and will not come to Class dinner.

GANNETT, WILLIAM CHANNING. 1896. All's well, with me and mine, and no events or advents, ventures or adventures, to report. It seems as if something *ought* to have happened in a year! With good greeting to all.

Aug. 7, 1897. "All well,"—though not all ever so well as in '60! Don't one or two of your organs begin to rattle and wheeze a bit? The miracle is, considering the numbers of parts, that they tick so smoothly, so long—great credit to the Good Organizer! Lamed and unlamed, what a band of veterans we'll be, forty years old as a Class, when we sing *χαίρε* together to the new century! We must all try to meet in 1900.

June 13, 1898. A year ought to produce something "worthy of record," but I am afraid there is nothing to tell. All slants a little now, but it is still very beautiful to be alive.

1899. Did not some one say that a people without history was happy? I'm sorry I've no history to report, but the want of it leaves me well.

1900. All goes well. "Marriage?" Continuing and increasing. "Births?" Every day is a fresh beginning. "Deaths?" Not yet. "Offices and Honors?" Unwept, unhonored, and unsung. "Books and Papers?" A few sermons: I collected a few last Xmas in a little book called, "Of making Oneself Beautiful." "Miscellaneous items?" That's what they all are. "Will you attend the Class Dinner?" I greatly hope to—and then one more in 1910—and then—the great Reunion—where?

Gannett came to the Dinner as you will see, and he can truly say "*magna pars fui*."

HASELTINE, FRANK. 1898, June 20. In answer to your letter requesting a photograph I enclose this "snapshot" taken last November. It is the only work of art of that kind that I have. Wishing you a pleasant Class Meeting, and with regrets that I shall not be there.

1899. Much obliged to you. "All well"—hope you are the same. I leave on the 6th.

Haseltine has spent much time in Europe.

1900. All goes well. Shall not be able to be present at Class Dinner.

HASLETT, AUDLEY. 1897. I fear I have not until now announced to you my "all wellness," both inside and out. In return, let me hope that you are all well, and your family well. Classically and personally yrs.

1898. I have been moving my address so much lately that I must pray you to excuse my delay in answering yours of June 7th. I am all right more or less. With kindest regards and "*Floreat '60*."

He writes, May 18, 1900, "I suppose you have written me last year and this, but as my letters are not forwarded, I know not. I have been for the last eighteen months in Southern Europe, Italy and France. I believe I am about as well as can be expected. I regret being away this summer, as I had looked forward to seeing '60 at the quinquennial dinner, which I suppose will take place. If it does, please remember me to everybody. I have not decided on future movements."

HAUGHTON, JAMES. 1896. All is well, and all quiet on the Delaware, except that I am re-elected to sit on the Standing Committee of this diocese, and that Richard, the youngest of my three boys, has his eye on the beautiful gate of Harvard, purposing to enter in this year. I am a *Grandfather*. She's a girl! Frances Hartshorne.

1897. No news except that I now have a grand-boy as well as a grand-girl, — that my reverend son has been called away from Charlestown, N. H., to Clinton, Mass., and that here, on this sandy soil by the sea in Wareham, purchased from Stephen Weld, I have, by vast personal labor, induced several hundred blades of grass to grow where none grew before.

1898. Perhaps the principal achievement of the year has been the deciphering of your letter, which was accomplished in one sitting, although not in one reading. I feel very happy with it. It would be good to see you and all the other venerable boys.

1899. I report one sermon printed. Excepting this, I think of nothing. Perhaps to have my son Richard, Captain of the Cricket Team is of more account, especially as the C. T. has done well. Since April 14, I have belonged to the Class of '60 in the broader sense, but so have many others.

1900. Except that I have just been re-elected a member of the Standing Committee for this diocese, and that a sermon of mine, Easter, 1898, was recently printed in the "Preachers' Magazine" (April 20) with my portrait, I have

really no news. My sons, Paul and Richard have erected two more houses on the Wareham land, Buzzard's Bay, eight miles from "Grey Gables."

HAYDEN, HORACE JOHN. 1896. "No changes, except that I have become 'Chairman of Board of Managers of Joint Traffic Association.'"

Finally the agreement was reached. It was signed Nov. 19, 1895, and it went into effect Jan. 1, 1896. The territory covered embraced all the States west of the Hudson, east of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio, including the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, the Norfolk & Western being the only important road left out. The essential features of the agreement were that each road should have a regular representative in a board of managers constantly in session, that dissent from the action of this board should be valid only when taken by the directors of the road, formally voting; that a two-thirds vote should always prevail, and that unsolvable questions should be promptly arbitrated by three men constantly at the managers' call.

1898. I have no births, deaths, etc., etc., to report, my life since last writing having been uneventful, perhaps this is fortunate, and, as I am, and have been, well I see no cause for complaint. I shall be in Boston in August, and must try to visit Cambridge, and have a little talk with "Steve."

1900. All goes well. Am afraid I shall not be able to come to Class Dinner.

HINCKLEY, HENRY. 1896. His daughter writes: "The matter of interest which has occurred this year is the fact that both he and my mother are now making a long anticipated trip to Japan. They go to visit my sister who has resided there for the past five years."

1897. In the summer of '96 had a three months trip to Japan. The main object to visit a daughter, Mrs. May L. Dearing and her family. Her husband is President of "The Baptist Theological Seminary" located in Yokohama, and she

is acting missionary among the natives. Japan is a most wonderful country, and I advise all my Classmates to go and see it.

1898. I have been waiting for the honorary degree of D. D. from Harvard, but fear I am destined to wait until I am dead before the lightning will strike. Then it will be too late for me to appreciate it. Have kept my pen busy writing for magazines and religious papers. Have added to my stock of sermons until they number more than 1200. Have kept up preaching and practising what I preach, as best I can. I still keep in remembrance my Classmates of '60, and am always glad to hear of their prosperity. My daughter Lizzie J., a graduate of the Boston Normal Art School has been elected as Curator of that Institution.

Corrections to be made in the Report of 1880. On the 7th line from the bottom of the page, read: "married Oct. 15, 1874, Caroline Frances, daughter of Samuel and Esther Messenger Noyes." On 4th line from bottom of page: "Lizzie Judkins, born June 8, 1867." On 3rd line: born Sept. 13, 1898 (1868).

1899. You see by your address above that you are honored with three D's: "Dear," because no one is dearer to '60 than yourself, "Doctor," for everything you touch is well doctored, and "Driver," truly, for never has any one held the reins over his Classmates more beautifully than Stephen W. I congratulate you on these well earned titles. I have two grandsons, Henry Hinckley and Vinton Adams Dearing. I have thereby passed in the patriarchal privilege of grandfather, and am fulfilling the prophetic spirit of '60, when my appointed "mock part" was "One of the Patriarchs." I still keep myself in the line of "Honorable Mention" by filling places of trust and service in our denominational Societies and Boards, and by occasional articles in magazines and papers.

It was with keen regret that the parishioners of the Roslindale Baptist Church parted with their pastor, the Rev. Henry Hinckley, yesterday. He resigned at the morning service.

Mr. Hinckley has been connected with this church for six years. During the six years he has received into the church 215 members, 87 being by baptism. The net gain has been about 100.

He leaves to accept the invitation to become an assistant in the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, and will enter upon his duties Oct. 1.

1900. All well. Born in Yokohama, Japan, Henry Hinckley Dearing, Jan. 13, 1894, Vinton Adams Dearing, Jan. 2, 1896. Have been six years pastor of the Roslindale Baptist Church. Now assistant pastor of the Ruggles St. Baptist Church, Boston, and Superintendent of the Relief and Educational departments of its work. I was lately appointed to the honorable office of trust as one executor of the will of the late Daniel S. Ford, Proprietor and Editor of "Youth's Companion," besides several other positions of trust and honor. Have written more than twelve hundred sermons, and published articles in magazines. Everything goes well and grows better.

HOLWAY, WESLEY OTHEMAN. 1896. "Was ordered to duty at the Washington, D. C., Yard, Oct. 1, last year. My wife, children, and grandchildren continue in health. Even my dear old mother is apparently strong and well at the age of eighty-five."

Holway was at the Class meeting, and was hailed with great warmth as "Doctor Holway." To-day, June 24, 1896, he had the honorary degree of D. D. conferred upon him by Harvard. He looks tall, modest, and serious, and every inch a D. D. worthy of the Class. He was so changed and scholastic in his Navy black, that few knew him at first.

1897. I do not think you have me down for my last change of orders from Washington Navy Yard in November last (1896) to the Newport Training Station, where I am at present.

1898. I was detached from the U. S. S. Constellation (the training ship at R. I.) a month ago, and ordered to duty

on board the Vermont at this yard. I fear I shall not be able to attend Commencement exercises this year. No officer likes to ask for "leave," when all orders issued by the Department are "immediate."

1899. The "Sailors' Magazine" (organ of the American Seamen's Friend Society) astonished me by a sketch which I enclose.

Mrs. Susan Bassett Holway, the personal friend of scores of Methodist clergymen and known to thousands of Methodist laymen as "Mother" Holway, died Thursday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Bridge, 137 Hawthorn Street, Chelsea. She was within 24 days of 87 years old.

She was the mother of three sons, two of whom are prominent clergymen. One is the Rev. W. O. Holway, D. D., the head chaplain of the United States navy, stationed at Newport. Another son is the Rev. Raymond F. Holway, pastor of the Trinity M. E. Church of Worcester. Another son, Merrill S. Holway, was city treasurer of Chelsea at the time of his death, a dozen years ago. Mrs. Holway's only daughter is Mrs. Mary S. Bridge, wife of the Rev. W. D. Bridge of Chelsea.

Mrs. Holway was born in Yarmouth, Mass. Her maiden name was Susan Bassett, and she came from old Puritanical stock. In 1833 she married Philip Holway, a Boston tradesman.

Mrs. Holway was treasurer of the Nickerson Home for Children, this city, for fifty-six years, and by her own personal effort raised from \$1000 to \$5000 annually for the institution. She was one of the founders of the Methodist Women's Foreign Missionary Society, and also of the Methodist Women's Home Missionary Society.

1900. Detached from U. S. R. S. "Vermont," Jan. 15, 1900, assigned to special duty under Rear Admiral Philip, U. S. N., said duty being to introduce Young Men's Christian Association Methods and organizations into the Navy. Accordingly, have been appointed Secretary of Naval General Committee,

Y. M. C. A., and Chief Secretary Temperance League Naval Y. M. C. A. Have an office at International Committee rooms, Y. M. C. A., 3 West 29th St., New York. Correspond with commanding officers.

HORNE, CHARLES ADAMS. 1897. Your kind note reaching me here struck a chord which vibrated like a fish-line with a half-pound trout at the end. You can only appreciate the force and altogetherness of that simile by actually knowing the scarcity of the spotted beauties in this (supposed) Klondyke of trout, Lake Bombazine, Vt.

A little over a month ago I joined the Class of '60 a second time, reaching that number of years June 30th.

All my family have kept out of jail, poorhouse, and office. My boys are waiting to take the mail down the lake, and I close this with the warmest wishes for all good things for you, yours, and the Class of '60.

1899. Your style of correspondence this year is so ingenious that I answered within ten minutes of opening the blessed thing. My second son was admitted to the bar. He don't drink, so I live in hopes of being the "daddy" of a chief-justice. The principal of my school has been down with nervous prostration for two months, and for that time I have been carrying on my own work and most of his.

Say, what a mighty fine chap Julius Dexter was. Hundreds of young men and maidens and hundreds of others that used to be young men and maidens amounting to thousands rise up and call me "Old Horne," but they like me all the same, they do. Honest!! If I should come two hundred miles to call on you this summer, it will be decent if you happen to be sitting on the verandah.

1900. "Does all go well?" Same old grind. "Will you attend Class Dinner?" If the walking is good, will try to.

Horne came to the dinner, and had a very fine speech ready to his tongue, but did not deliver it, as the Secretary left two men out for want of time. He was requested to send it on for the printer, but has forgotten or is too modest.

HORTON, EDWIN JOHNSON. 1896. I cannot say the last year has been eventful in any way, for me. I went to London in July on business, but had rather a stupid time, and was glad to get back to my family and Flushing. The truth is, I was constantly reminded of the changes age had produced on me since my previous visit there *twenty-three years* before. Then everything was delightful, but *now* they seemed greatly a bore. I have a great pleasure to record. My daughter-in-law, the widow of my oldest son Charles, has come to New York to live, and Charles, Jr., my grandson, aged five, is spending the summer with us. He is a bright, sturdy, affectionate boy, and is a constant delight to us, and occasionally an anxiety, for he is apt to get into mischief. My younger son, Henry, was ordained by the Bishop of Long Island last Sunday, and has already found a place to begin work in. He goes, July 1, to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to act as assistant to the rector of the Episcopal Church there. It is hard for us to have him leave us, but it is the way of the world.

July 20, 1897. A letter from Howland says that E. J. Horton died July 13, 1897. He saw it in New York paper.

Died at his home, Flushing, Long Island, of diabetes with complications. Wife and three out of four children survive. Wife's address, 315 Amity St., Flushing, N. Y. Son, Rev. Henry P. Horton, is in Moorhead, Minn.

We remember him in his College days, his cheerful and hearty greeting, his generous personality that created a healthy and inspiring atmosphere about him, his fine mental endowments. We knew his absolute integrity, we knew the strong sense of duty and fine courage that led him later to do a man's part in the country's service. We have heard from time to time of the good work he did in middle age and on, for his day and generation, and we deeply regret that his life terminated in the midst of its perfected usefulness. We sympathize with his family in the loss of one so noble and good, and yet we exult in having on our roll and in our record the name of so true a student, so brave a soldier, and so wholly a man as Edwin J. Horton.

HOWLAND, HORACE. 1896. I have only to report, as a member of the distinguished band of 1860, that I am alive and kicking, though one year older than when I last wrote you. Indeed, if I always felt as well as I do now, I should expect to enter the contest for the "oldest living graduate" prize.

1897. New address, Hohokus, Bergen Co., N. J.

Two days since, I saw in a New York paper the announcement of the death of our Classmate, E. J. Horton. July 13 is the date of his death. I was very much grieved to read the notice, for although I have met Horton but seldom since 1860, I recall the fact that for alphabetical reasons we sat alongside for four years of our College course, and I always had a respect and regard for him. He was always a manly, nice fellow. I will add on my address to this to let you know that I have returned to a rural life in New Jersey, where I spent the first part of my life after 1860. I have a nice little farm country place, and if you ever come this way, I can give you a taste of all the New Jersey farm produces; and as I am only twenty-two miles from New York City, I am not an absolute Hayseed. I always like to hear the Class and College news.

Very truly yours.

1899. I cannot send my photo, for the good reason that I have none. Take the class photograph of thirty-nine years ago, remove three-quarters of the hair, bleach the rest white, add some forty pounds to the body, and twelve inches to the waist measure, and you will have the "counterfeit presentment" of yours very truly, Horace Howland.

HUMPHREYS, CHARLES ALFRED. 1896. No occurrences worthy of note. I have lost my father, but as he lived to fill out ninety-five years, and passed away with mind undimmed and without disease, I cannot complain of Providence.

Married June 2, 1898, at Randolph, Sarah Blake Humphreys to Chester Corey.

I have read a paper on the "Battle of Dinwiddie and Five Forkes" before the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Department of Massachusetts. I spent last summer in Europe with my two daughters.

If I am absent this year, it will be because of illness. My heart failed me a month ago, and I have kept my bed most of the time since. But I think I am gaining strength, and have some hope of seeing you at Commencement.

1899. We are well. I leave Randolph Aug. 1st, meaning thereafter not to undertake any settled ministry.

1900. All goes well. My daughter Catherine Clapp Humphreys married Edward D. Barry, June 4, 1900. I retired Aug. 1, 1899, from the settled ministry, but have since been engaged nearly every Sunday in pulpit supplies. I reside where my ancestors lived through seven generations since 1634. My address is "The Monadnock," Dorchester, Mass.

HUNNEWELL, FRANCIS WELLES. March 31, 1897. Had a note from him concerning Weymouth's mission. Hunnewell is a devoted churchman, and has given liberally to the help of his own church and others. Hunnewell was at the dinner, was most warmly greeted, looked fresh and hearty, but would need some training down to fit him for a boat race.

HUNNEWELL, JOHN WELLES. 1900. Was married to a lady in Paris of fine family, and has several children. His residence is there. News from him this year reports health and prosperity. He sent a generous contribution to Class fund, and still holds loyal to '60.

JOHNSON, EDWARD CROSBY. 1896. Grandson, John Lavalley, Jr., on June 24th.

1898. Nothing of especial note has occurred in my life since last year.

1899. "All well." Granddaughter, Alice Lavalley, born Nov. 30, 1899.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale is writing a series of articles in the "Outlook" on "James Russell Lowell and his friends." In the one of Aug. 6th he says (speaking of the Class of 1860) about as follows: "Twenty-one names of the members of this Class are borne on the Battle Roll of the College." Now what does the "Battle Roll" mean? If he means that twenty-one members were either killed or died of their wounds either immediately or years after, like Walker, he is pretty nearly right; but if he means to imply that twenty-one was the number of our Class who were in the Army or Navy during the war he is all wrong, as, if I remember correctly, we had between sixty and seventy men in the Army and Navy at one time. I think you ought to write the Rev. E. E. Hale and tell him what the true record is.

Scott's "Military Record" in this report sets the matter right, and I will send a copy to E. E. Hale.

KNAPP, ARTHUR MAY. June 24, 1896. Holworthy 2. Am just reading proofs on my forthcoming book on "Feudal and Modern Japan."

Dec. 2d. Received copy of Knapp's book, "Feudal and Modern Japan," dated 1897. It is fine.

183 Agabis How Mura cho. Tokyo, Sept. 3, 1897.

. . . "In March of this year I burned my ships, and am now settled down here for some years of literary work in a land which is growing more interesting every day.

"I shall try to time my return to cover the next Class dinner."

July 23, 1898. Your note was received by the last mail, far too late to be answered in time for Commencement. I have but two items of possible interest to report. One being that, in my capacity as the oldest living graduate, I had the honors of presiding at the first meeting and dinner of the Tokyo Harvard Club, two months ago.

There are some thirty Harvard men here, and we had

twenty-four of them present, — twelve Japanese and twelve Americans. While it was, as I have intimated, in virtue of my decrepitude that I had the honor of presiding, the other item of news I have for you may seem somewhat incongruous. We have recently had an addition to our family, a little daughter, who arrived a few months ago, at the somewhat unusual but most convenient age of four years. Our Missionary Journals have made a good deal of their having established Orphan Asylums, forgetting to mention the fact that in the old days there was no need of any such institution, no family being so large as to be unwilling to take in the poor waif appealing to the sympathy. We have only followed the old Japanese custom, and Ayame (White Iris) is the joy and delight of the household, while I have become a heathen.

I shall try to plan my next visit home so that I may be with you at the Class Dinner in 1900.

1899. The mail steamer is being detained at quarantine, so I fear you may not receive this in time to accomplish its object. My friend Mr. Raneko is to be honored with the degree of LL.D. on Commencement Day, he being the first Japanese upon whom Harvard confers the distinction. I have asked him to drop into our Class room, although I shall not be there to greet him; and I want to ask you to take my place. Besides being my friend, he also enjoys some minor distinctions, having been a Cabinet Minister, and also having had the honor of the drafting of the present Constitution of Japan. For his own and the Mikado's sake, as well as for mine, he is worthy of all the attention you may be able to show him.

I have spent the larger part of the winter in Manila having just returned from my second trip there. It may interest you to know that during my stay the resemblance of your Classmate to Admiral Dewey was a matter of comment. Should you hear of the Admiral's arrival in the States, and chance to see the procession, watch for the wink in my left eye, for I am thinking of travelling home "on my face."

LELAND, DANIEL TALCOTT SMITH. 1896. I have become an employee of the public service of the City of Boston in my capacity as an accountant, the fact of my membership of the Class, and consequently a Harvard graduate, having proved to be of material assistance in this connection.

June 10, 1898. If I were a physician taking in ten dollars for as many words, or a lawyer talking at the rate of a dollar a minute, or successful preacher edifying people at one hundred dollars the hour, I should probably be able to report a "marriage," as it is, I am pursuing the even tenor of a poor subordinate, with the bright star of hope that my services will be appreciated by the mayor of Boston at a reasonably fair valuation for the talent that is *inherent* in any member of the Class of 1860.

June, 1899. Marriages? — I have become slowly, but sadly convinced that I have outlived my chances.

Books, papers? — Such literary productions as have emanated from my pen, have passed the approval of the municipal critics of Boston, and have been marked with an 8! "All is well," I am pleased to remark.

1900. Joined Edward W. Kinsley Post 113 of the Grand Army of the Republic this year (1900).

MACKINTOSH, HENRY STEPHEN. 1900. The whole Class will rejoice to learn that Mackintosh has recovered his health, is now residing in Keene, and is engaged on literary work. The Class sends him congratulations and kindest greetings.

SEC.

MORSE, JOHN TORREY. 1896. I report myself as being still alive, vigorous, and solvent — no more wives, no more babies — (none expected!) I've done nothing except record the doings of others, reference being had to the Memoir and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes, prepared by me at request of the family, and just published.

1897. I believe that few men outside of State's Prison have ever passed a year more devoid of incident than the last twelve months have been for me. Hoping that you are prosperous and salubrious.

1898. I have had no incidents in my respectable course within the last twelve months. Have toiled hard, and achieved nothing except an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" on the Dreyfus and Zola trials which attracted some attention in Paris. No photo of myself taken since 1862. So can't gratify your flattering request.

June, 1899. The "Dreyfus and Zola Trials," "Atlantic Monthly," May 1899.

1900. "Does all go well?" Enough, I suppose, for an old man. "Births and marriages?" None. "Deaths?" Not yet. "Offices and honors?" None!!! Have ceased going to dinners.

Morse should remember that if our hair is gray, we are not AGED. SEC.

MUNSON, MYRON ANDREWS. 1896. "My book, 'The Munson Record,' two volumes, 1267 pages, has been published, and has been received with favor. I have preached occasionally, and have done some writing."

The "Record" has received much praise. It is spoken of as "elaborate and praiseworthy work. Much critical acumen is manifest throughout the work. The illustrations are of high order," and it is recommended as a model for works of the kind.

1898. There is little which needs to be said,—except that I am about to have a new postoffice address, viz. Warren (Litchfield Co.), Conn. I have been serving, and am to continue serving, as preacher and pastor, a small highland community, *ὀλίγοντε φίλοντε*, which has sent out a great number of notions to bless other parts of the land with excellent and sometimes eminent citizens.

1899. The ministry begun for a year last July I have been (unanimously) invited to continue indefinitely.

1900. "Does *all* go well?" The question is too comprehensive for an affirmative answer; but I cannot keep the tally of blessings with the fingers of one hand. "Honors?" As a pastor I have endeavored to deserve approbation. I had an interview in New York a fortnight ago with Fernald, the first in thirty years, I think. His children are a great credit and joy to him, and his Lexicographical work is an honor to himself and his Class.

NELSON, CHARLES ALEXANDER. June 13, 1898. The past year has been on the whole an exceedingly pleasant one. Just a year ago the "family" attended the Commencement exercises at Cornell University (Ithaca, N. Y.), where Ruth Augusta was graduated as a Bachelor of Philosophy, and was honored by election to the $\Phi B K$ Society. Two years before (1895) Gertrude Jane was graduated Bb. B. at the same institution, receiving "special mention" for her work in Latin and in History. Both were and are members of the ΔT Fraternity, Ruth being their General Secretary.

Since then the family, more or less scattered for the preceding six or eight years, has been reunited. The removal of Columbia University to its new site last fall made it necessary for me to spend more than three hours each day in travelling. This proved too much for my health, and in April last we moved from Brooklyn to Washington Heights, where we have cool and pleasant quarters, with a latchstring always on the outside for any member of '60, or sisters of the ΔT Fraternity. The removal of Columbia gave me an inspiration, and on Oct. 1, 1897, I wrote a hymn, "Our Fathers' God to Thee," which was accepted by President Low, and sung at the opening exercises in the new library building, Oct. 4, 1897. At the annual meeting of the American Library Association, held in Philadelphia June 21-25, 1897, I read a short paper, entitled, a bit of classification: "Treatment of Harvard by the Harvard Club of New York," published in the "Papers and Proceedings," and in the "Library Journal" for October. To the December number of

the same journal, I contributed an article on "The New Columbia." I also wrote a number of book reviews for various issues of the "Library Journal" in 1896 and 1897. In 1897 I also wrote, for the Long Island Historical Society, an account of "The Manuscripts and Early Printed Books Bequeathed to the Long Island Historical Society by Samuel Browne Duryea, 1895," which the Society published in a handsome quarto brochure of forty pages. I also compiled the Index (27 pages) to Edward Eggleston's "Beginners of a Nation, 1897." I am looking forward to our Class meeting in 1900, the very thought of it gives me an ecstatic thrill. 1900 will make my 45th year in Library work. I began at Gorham, Me., Male Academy in the winter of 1854-55. I wish some time when you are in the College Library you would look at the Astor Library Catalogue, which I prepared, 4 vols., 4276 pages, and the Columbia College Catalogue of the Avery Architectural Library, 1152 pages, which I edited and saw through the press, and see if I have not done something in the way of making a record to the credit of dear old '60.

Your Classmate "forever."

June, 1899. Index to "Columbia University Bulletin," Nos. 1-20, July, 1890-June, 1898.

1900. Am well. Hold office of Secretary of Board of Trustees of Washington Baptist Church, N. Y. Member of Library Council of University of State of New York, 1896 to 1900. Editor of Publications of Columbia University Library. Read a paper before the New York Library Club in the University Library, and one against reduced postage on library books. Am a member of Booksellers' League, New York City, and member of Bibliographical Society of London.

NICKERSON, FRANKLIN. 1896. "Nil must be the answer."

1897. All well. I will send you by mail, soon, a copy of the Class photograph of Shaw, which I obtained at time of graduation.

1898. I can think of nothing to add to the Class record since my last report to you or Frank Weld.

June, 1899. Have had the honor to be "Elected a Member of the New England Botanical Club." In response to your kind wish I am able to say, "All well." These periodical calls of yours cause the words of the Class song to ring in our ears with increased intensity and suggest many memories which grow more sacred as the years roll on.

1900. All well. Have written occasional articles on Botanical Subjects for the newspapers. In case of my absence from the dinner, present my affectionate greetings to the Class-mates assembled, and my toast is "the sacred memories of the departed ones." I hope to be present.

NILES, GEORGE EDWARD. 1900. The Class secretary has received no report from Niles since he assumed the duties. The last time he saw him was while his son was in College. The two were riding on Brattle Street in a light pony cart. Niles looked well and very little older. In College we pursued certain studies together, and I learned to esteem him. In response to the appointment of the Class at Commencement, June, 1899, Humphreys wrote the following resolution,—

Commencement, Hol. 2. "Resolved that in the passing away on July 27, 1898, of George Edward Niles, his Class-mates have lost a genial companion and kindly friend whose pleasant face they were always glad to greet."

Mr. George E. Niles of 301 Beacon Street died yesterday of heart trouble, at York Harbor, Me., where he was spending the summer. He was trustee and manager of the Niles building, School Street. He was born in Boston about fifty-eight years ago, and was graduated from Harvard in 1860. His father was the owner and proprietor of the Niles block on School Street, and on his death, in 1876, George E. Niles became trustee under his father's will, and remained in that capacity until his death.

Mr. Niles was a man of considerable means, and outside of

the trusteeship for several estates, he spent his time in painting and the study of art. He was a member of the Boston Art Club. He never exhibited any of his paintings to the public.

His death comes as a great surprise to all his friends, as he was a man of splendid physique, and seemed to enjoy good health.

Mr. T. Willard, a fellow-trustee of the Niles estate, in speaking of Mr. Niles yesterday, said,—

“It can be eminently said of Mr. Niles that he was a thorough gentleman; he was courteous to all with whom he came in contact, the employees of the building and his business associates all speaking of him in the highest terms. He was modest in regard to his opinion, and he was a man of excellent judgment.”

Mr. Niles' home was at 301 Beacon Street; he also owned the family estate at Arlington. The family usually spent their summers at York Harbor or Rye Beach.

Mr. Niles leaves a widow and three children, one son and two daughters. He was the only son in his family. He has five sisters living, two of whom are married, one to Dr. F. Gordon Morrill and one to Mr. Rhodes Lockwood.

OSBORNE, GEORGE STERNE. 1896. “No changes.”

1897. Oldest daughter, Elizabeth Doggett, has daughter, Sallie Van Brunt Doggett, born Sept., 1897.

1898. My daughter Agnes Van Brunt married John G. Forrest of Kansas City this year.

1899. Mrs. Forrest has a boy, George Osborne Forrest, born in August, 1899. Cordial greetings.

1900. All well.

PALFREY, HERSEY GOODWIN. 1897. I have made no history within the past twelve months, and can only report myself, like the One Horse Shay, “Running as usual — much the same.”

1898. I have nothing to report beyond my continued existence in the flesh. I have done nothing worth talking about except to survive. The world has gone well with me since the last report.

1899. I have lately (June 1) withdrawn from my partnership in the Fire Insurance business, and am at present out of employment. Rather a meagre answer to your queries, but such are the cold facts in the case.

Palfrey was at the dinner, not much older-looking save a few lines. It was a glad reunion for him.

PARSONS, CHARLES CHAUNCY. June 17, 1898. Everything is going well. We had a scare on the put forth of the war tax, but U. S. was merciful, and we still have a chance to do business and live. We go to Hyannisport about the 1st of July, and if you are anywhere near there, you must let us know, as we have wheels and a sail boat, and we will call promptly. My oldest boy, Theophilus, got the Junior honors in Physics and Chemistry this year, doing better than his father did. I hope he will keep it up.

1899. Books, papers?—A short paper before the Chemical Society on Patent Law Revision. Nothing new. My son graduated from Columbia this week. I am sorry I could not have made it Harvard.

1900. All prospering.

PRESBREY, SILAS DEAN. 1896. "All well. . . . The year has been one of work in professional lines, uneventful in comparison with some of my former experiences."

1897. "I am pleased to be able to say 'All well.'"

June 10, 1898. I am still "doing business at the old stand" in the usual way. The only break in the monotony of the year has been a Mediterranean cruise that I made, taking my two daughters with me. It is a vacation that I had long looked forward to with anticipation of pleasure. We sailed from New York on the S. S. Aller of the North German Lloyd line on Saturday, Feb. 5, 1898, in a party of

nearly three hundred and fifty excursionists, under the management of Frank C. Clark of New York. We had a most delightful trip, and visited all the Mediterranean ports that it is customary to visit on such excursions. In addition to this, we had a trip up the Nile as far as Luxor and Thebes, and visited Jerusalem and the country thereabout. We reached home April 12, and I began my work once more. But I had been at home only ten days when I unfortunately became ill, and had to take two weeks in bed, and two or three more weeks to regain my usual vigor.

June, 1899. Since that time (1898) I have been attending strictly to business, and may be found for the present at the old stand.

1900. All goes well just now. I have held the office of State Medical Examiner since the enactment of the law in July, 1877, having been four times appointed for periods of seven years.

In 1880 I was elected on the board of Water Commissioners of Taunton, and still hold that office.

I have been one of the Investment Committee of the Bristol County Savings Bank since 1883.

When Morton Hospital was founded in 1888 I was chosen president, and have held the office since that date, and have also served on the staff, both as attendant and as consultant.

I have perhaps done my share in reporting cases and making addresses before medical societies.

I am accustomed to deliver about forty lectures each year before the School of Nurses of Morton Hospital. This spring we travelled through Mexico, a Gates tour of forty days.

RUSSELL, HENRY STURGIS. 1896. "All well. Only the same. Two grandsons, five years and three years."

December. Anna Russell, aged 22, married to Harrison Apthorpe, 37, principal of Milton Academy.

1897. "All well and a very happy life. Third grandson born March 8, '97, 'John Forbes Amory.' And still they come!"

June 10, 1898. Ever thankful to be one of the noble Class at Harvard. I am happy in nearing in years the magic number, and anticipated much success and joy from "The Sixties," wherever found in life. I have within the year been blest with two grandsons, Harrison O. Apthorpe and Edward L. Atkinson.

Thank you for your kind letter; if a man's Classmates indorse him, he ought to be satisfied, and I am.

1899. Honors? Loving membership of Class of '60. Thankfulness for sustained prosperity in mind, body, and estate.

1900. "All goes well?" Phenomenally. "Births?" Grandchildren, Henry Russell Atkinson, born Dec. 12, 1899, Sarah Forbes Apthorpe, born May 10, 1900, Walter Amory, born June 13, 1900. "Miscellaneous items?" I have not been in jail since last report.

In another note Russell says, "I hope fate did not spoil a good beggar to make a poor doctor."

This Recorder forgives him, for he is evidently feeling low after one of his frequent fits of generosity.

SCOTT, HENRY BRUCE (COL.). 1896. "I wish that I could be with you at Commencement, and with the old boys, but I can't. All well here. One of my boys graduates this year, and another next year."

1897. "All well inside." This means that blackberries, cucumbers, oatmeal, and fishballs, still associate harmoniously, in a proper state of discipline, in their inner sphere. I hope you are in the same condition also. I was more than sorry not to be able to be at Commencement this year and see the old boys again. Ah, the days *when* we were boys! And didn't we have a good time!"

June 12, 1898. The world moves on with me much the same as last year, and my heart is still in the same old place, always full of interest in all of our Classmates. Wish I could see them all at Commencement, but I can't get there.

May 7, 1900. "In the same business and well. I have

looked forward for some years to this dinner of yours, and shall be there if possible. I am making my plans for this. It will do our old hearts good to see the old boys again."

What is Harry talking about? If ever the old man with the scythe forgot anybody, he has forgotten Harry, who burst in upon our meeting and dinner in a gale of hilarious youth.

SHERWIN, THOMAS (GEN.). 1896. "Nothing to record for the past year."

1897. Sherwin says, "Weymouth deserves better returns for his labor."

1898. I write only to send you my regards. I have nothing of especial interest. I was about to write you regarding arrangements for Commencement, and am glad you are willing again to take charge of the matter for the Class. Will you also arrange for the lunch, as usual?

June, 1899. Nothing of especial interest. I return the form. As one of the Class of '60, I always feel under obligation to our Class Secretary.

1900. All goes well. Continue President of the Bell Telephone Company.

SHIPPEN, JOSEPH. June, 1899. San Francisco. Am practising law here. Nothing new or special to report. Regards and best wishes for all '60 men.

1900. After graduation at Cambridge Mr. Shippen studied law at his old home under Hon. Gaylord Church, and was admitted to the bar in July, 1862. But flagrant war led him from peaceful pursuits into camp at Harrisburg, whence he was asked by Governor Curtin to accept a position of usefulness and trust without pay, as Commissioner to Hospitals and sick and wounded soldiers. As such he spent several months on the Virginia Peninsula after McClellan's campaign; and thence was sent through Kentucky and Tennessee in the interests of our Western troops. Becoming by this service and experience deeply interested in the humane side of the war, he connected himself with the United States

Sanitary Commission, and superintended the Western Pennsylvania Branch with headquarters at Pittsburgh.

From Pittsburgh Mr. Shippen spent nearly a year as teacher of the High School at Worcester, Mass., and thence went to Philadelphia to enter upon the practice of law. Practice of law was resumed at Meadville during the great oil excitement, with active participation in the reconstruction and Grant campaign of 1868.

In 1869, duty to attend an invalid brother, and pleasure prompted a seven months' tour of Europe with route through the continental countries with their capitals and centres of art. This tour was followed by ten years' residence and legal practice in St. Louis, where he was without solicitation appointed by Judges John F. Dillon and Samuel Treat to be Master in Chancery of the United States Circuit Court. Admitted to the United Supreme Court in 1878, he then argued before that high tribunal four municipal bond cases, of which he won three, two being in reversal of the lower Courts. At St. Louis, he became director of two banks, and two street car companies, and receiver of three life insurance companies.

Combined considerations of health and business led Mr. Shippen from St. Louis to Chicago, where he pursued his profession for some six years, during which activity in literary pursuits and Unitarian denominational affairs divided his attention with the law. In 1884 he was promoted in his absence, through illness, from the treasurership to the presidency of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Even two trips to Europe during his sojourn in Chicago were inadequate to recuperate the nervous strain of such Chicago life upon a naturally vigorous constitution. So respite for nervous prostration was sought by quiet and rest among Pennsylvania's hills with family friends and early relatives in Meadville. In the Prohibitory Amendment campaign in 1889, he was made president of the City Temperance Association; and he subsequently wrote a lecture on "Original

Packages," which was published in "The Chautauquan" for July, 1889.

Mr. Shippen had long been one of the trustees of the Meadville (Unitarian) Theological School, and he now accepted the offer to become for a year instructor in Greek and vocal culture, and lecturer on Ecclesiastical Jurisprudence. After spending the summer of 1890 in St. Louis on professional business, he concluded to come to the Pacific Coast on a tour of observation, with a view to remaining. Arriving at Seattle Oct. 1, 1890, a few weeks' observation and study of the resources and prospects of this State and city confirmed his previous impressions favorable to its selection for a permanent residence and law practice. Membership of the Bar and the Chamber of Commerce, with presidency of the Seattle Harvard Club, and active participation in divers other organizations and associations have served to fill his time. In August, 1897 he removed to San Francisco, where he now resides, having office in the Mills Building. He is a member of the Harvard Club, and the Unitarian Club of San Francisco.

SPAULDING, HENRY GEORGE. 1897. "All well." I sent you my lecture circular which gives a list of places where I lectured last year. In all I gave fifty-three lectures, two-thirds of them at schools and colleges, and other educational institutions.

1899. Rev. Henry G. Spaulding is travelling with his family in Europe. I received a letter from him, this morning, dated Florence, Italy, May 21, 1899, in which he stated that his family and himself were all well. He is accompanied by his wife, his son and wife. I am not quite sure of the date of his son's marriage. The entire family left immediately after on a wedding tour in Europe.

1900. All well. My son, Henry Plympton Spaulding, was married to Margaret Hastings James, May 11, 1898. In Europe from Aug., 1895, to Sept., 1896, and from May, 1898, to Sept., 1899. Has lectured extensively in schools, institutes, and lyceums. His latest is a course of Illustrated

Lectures on "Christian Art," the product of many years of study and research. In these lectures he speaks from a direct knowledge of the masterpieces of Christian painting, and these are shown in his illustrations.

Spaulding has been in most excellent health for years.

STEARNS, JOHN WILLIAM. 1896. The round of University duties goes on with uniformity, as you very well know, and leaves, at the end of a busy year, very little to say, except the old familiar story. Well, kind words of remembrance to all, and good wishes.

1897. How little history to be written! Here I am, still at my post, with very small change in conditions, except those which years inevitably bring. A School of Education was created in the University at the last meeting of the Board, and I was elected Director of it. I have been for two years President of the Board of Education of this city, and am President of the State Board of Examiners for teachers' certificates. With kindly greetings.

1898. My life here is the same.

1898 or 99. Daughter has a son twenty-two months old, George Seymour Cook. My writing is for the "Wisconsin Journal of Education," which I have edited for many years. In the University, have become Director of School of Education, which includes extensive work and correspondence. Spent three weeks this summer with my son, who is practising law in San Diego, Cal., and very prosperous. I have a lemon ranch within six miles of the city, to which I may some time betake myself. The land of sunshine and equable climate has very strong attractions for me. With pleasant memories and kind regards.

STEVENS, CHARLES WISTAR. 1896. I broke my left arm two weeks ago, and have been in the hospital ever since. Am doing pretty well. I had counted on seeing the boys at Commencement, but now it is doubtful, but I send them all a hearty greeting.

“Boston City Hospital, Ward B.”

1897. Last January I was elected vice-president of the Boston Gynecological Society. My health now is quite good. I enjoyed very much your paper read at the Harvard Medical Alumni Association.

1898. For several years I have taken my annual “outing” in the Maine woods in June, and so have missed Commencement, but I have decided hereafter to reserve June for Commencement, and the privilege of seeing some of my old Classmates.

1899. “All well,” and doing well. Shall be out at Commencement.

1900. “Honors?” President this year of the Boston Gynecological Society.

SWAN, CHARLES WALTER. 1896. “‘All well,’ and no changes to record.”

1897. Son, Walter B. Swan, married to Miss Carolyn Leavitt, Oct. 31, 1896. Daughter, Marion N. Swan, married to Stephen S. Bartlett, May 12, 1897.

1898. A year has passed since I last announced an item, the marriage of a daughter. If only you could wait a little longer, I might add a new item in the family line. Another matter of the future is a change of residence to 1073 Beacon St., Brookline, after Aug. 1st. I send a picture which I am sorry to part with because it looks so pretty. That’s the photographer’s artfulness.

1899. Now if all your reports were as brief as this, how light would be your clerical duties, which I see you have transferred to another. “All well.”

My “handwrite” has so much improved that Swan does not know me.

SEC.

TAPPAN, LEWIS WILLIAM. 1897. Tappan died at his home in Milton on April 7, 1897, of Bright’s Disease. He was born Feb. 16, 1840.

June 3, Commencement. By appointment of the Class, Russell wrote the following:—

“Lewis W. Tappan has given us an example of a man who did well all he had to do in this life. At College he more than creditably performed his whole duty to himself, and to his parents by his uniformly studious and gentlemanly course. In the civil war he gave his services, and to all of us, who have seen him closely during the last thirty years, his devotion and love as husband, father, and son, have shown a spirit and a constancy perhaps missed and regretted in some of us, but hoped for in our children. Always quiet and unobtrusive, he steadily did his duty, and made happy homes for those dependent on his love and care; and when sickness came to him, he showed the stuff he was made of, by a cheerful heroism and constant interest in others.”

H. S. RUSSELL.

THOMAS, JAMES BOURNE FREEMAN. 1896. I am still carrying on the same business at the same old stand, with uninterrupted success, professionally, but rather poorly financially and physically. In fact, I don't believe I can write “all well inside,” as you suggested.

June 13, 1898. Life is short. So as I am on the down hill, to make it shorter, I married, for the first time, on my birthday Oct. 29th last, Caroline E. Ricker relict of the late Benj. F. Ricker. As I am already a grandfather on her side, it can only be by a miracle that I can become a father in the regular course of matrimonial events *now*. As to the picture, I have n't had a facsimile since graduation; but as big Horton said to me, “Perhaps at some time you may raise a mustache,” I may get one taken to send to him to show my success in that line.

1900. All goes well; shall be at the dinner.

TOWLE, JAMES AUGUSTUS (PROF.) 1897. Nothing has occurred to me this past year more important than a

continuance of life and work. How I should like to meet our Classmates! They grow dearer to me every year.

1898. The only way in which I have been able to distinguish myself this year, is in having a daughter graduate from Bryn Mawr in the Class of 1898. All goes quietly with me, I envy you your opportunity of hearing from the Classmates. Give my warm love to all whom you meet.

June, 1899. Have had the great satisfaction of re-entering upon religious work, which I left behind in a way on exchanging the pastorate for the chair of Greek. Am now connected with the Connecticut Bible Society, under which I am making something of a specialty of religious work among the Italians.

1900. All goes well. Have been looking forward to meeting the Class in 1900. God has been good, and has granted me much happiness.

WADE, LEWIS WALTER CLIFFORD. 1896. "I was much amused in the last year's edition to read such a glowing panegyric from a gentleman you had met. I make no pretence to ability as a critic of music. I simply try to tell the truth about singers or actors, as far as my limited knowledge extends. I am not a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. I am a member of the Maine Genealogical Society, and associate member of the Hayden Association. I was a charter member of the Art Society, an institution, I am happy to say, that has been very successful with those of its members who have exhibited in the Paris Salon, and owns its own building. Regretting that Commencement always comes at a newspaper man's busiest time in Portland, and that I shall be unable to be present at the Class meeting. I am, yours."

These are the last words I had from Wade. SEC.

Louis Walter Clifford Wade died in Portland, Me., July 6, 1899. He was born in Providence, R. I., Nov. 3, 1839, son of Eben and Sarah (Clifford) Wade, and nephew of the late Governor Clifford, of Massachusetts. After graduation he

gave himself to legal studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. The following year he left the profession, and entered upon mercantile pursuits, which in turn were soon relinquished. His early interest in the stage will be remembered, and prefigured the main occupation of his mature years, which was journalistic criticism in dramatic and musical directions. To this he was devoted for almost a generation, chiefly in connection with the "Portland Daily Press." His success belied the proverbial lack of honor for a prophet in his own country, and he won esteem, both professionally and as a citizen. An affectionate kinsman and loyal friend, he will be remembered for affability, kindliness, and courtesy. He was married, Nov. 15, 1866, to Almira Isabel, oldest daughter of William Foy and Almira (Stodder) Safford, of Portland. They had no children, and she died in September, 1890.

GEORGE H. WHITEMORE.

WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER FAIRFIELD. June 13, 1898. The year has passed, not having died, I have not been born again. If I had married in the plural, as you suggest, I should hesitate to confess it. Honors have been chiefly made by their absence. My books and writings, being purely professional, do not count.

June, 1899. All well.

1900. Mr. Wadsworth is abroad. I will forward your letter.

Very truly, ELIOT WADSWORTH.

WADSWORTH, OLIVER FAIRFIELD. Nov. 14, 1895.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Oliver F. Wadsworth, of Beacon Street, and Mr. George Burgess, occurred at the Arlington Street Church yesterday. Rev. John Cuckson, pastor of the church, officiated, and Dr. Wadsworth gave away his daughter. Special pews were reserved for members of the Harvard Class of '93, and for the Wadsworth family.

1898. For myself and my family there is nothing new, unless it be that I am experiencing the embarrassing honor

that Robert Grant has described of having a son on the crew.

1899. Daughter married April 8, 1899, to T. R. Sullivan.

1900. All goes well.

WEBBER, SAMUEL GILBERT. June, 1899. No deaths since the death of my father, Sept., 1897. Books, papers? One or two papers in "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal," I forget their names. Did I ever report that my daughter, Maria G. Webber, graduated A. B., Wellesley in 1892? I live now at West Newton, have lived there last four years. Office, Warren Chambers, 419 Boylston St., Boston.

1900. I have lived an uneventful life, each day endeavoring to do the round of duties and chores of the day. I have a small garden, and an hour's work or so brings me in contact with mother earth, and I think I am stronger. West Newton, 279 Highland St., has been my residence the last five years.

Webber still continues office practice in Boston, and consulting practice generally.

WEED, JOSEPH DUNNING. 1897. Yours at hand. I have no changes to report. My family are all well.

June, 1899. Nothing new that I know of. I was made president of Augusta and Savannah Railroad in 1896. I do not know whether or not I have reported this. I simply retain the old office I have reported before. My family are well. My daughter Gertrude was married in June, 1895, to Robert Bithington.

WELD, GEORGE WALKER. 1896. My life for the past year has been uneventful, but I have done the best I could to "assist the lame to walk." I have also much enjoyed the success of the Rowing Club. I will surely be on hand for Commencement unless my left knee is too weak, caused by a slip on a trip to New Hampshire.

1897. "All well." My only excuse is an unavoidable absence which prevented my attendance at Commencement,

and so losing our Class Meeting and Wetmore's superb speech. Since, I have been very much occupied in the equipment of a new boat which I had built at Wilmington, Del., on board of which I have just returned from a cruise to the eastward, and to-morrow morning I am off for a run round the Cape to Newport. Cordially yours.

Yacht Hildegarde.

1899. As I am still a bachelor, I have no marriages to report. Am also glad to have no deaths to report. Moreover, as my life is an uneventful one, I am doing everything in my power to make all those associated with me, and all those I am brought in contact with, as happy and comfortable as possible. I am off for Newport this afternoon, but, unless something unforeseen prevents, I shall turn up for Commencement Day.

Mr. George Walker Weld, '60, who founded the Weld Boat Club, is now having a launch built for the use of the Weld and the Newell Boat Clubs. The boat is being built by the Gas, Engine, and Power Company of Morris Heights, New York, and is under contract to be ready for use by the middle of March. Except that it will have greater speed, the new launch will be similar in general design to the "Frank Thompson."

WELD, STEPHEN MINOT. 1896. "All well." The "Herald" has learned from well-informed sources that Stephen M. Weld of Dedham has been selected as the second member of the advisory committee from Massachusetts. William B. Plunkett of Adams was named some time ago by Chairman Hanna as a member of the advisory committee. Mr. Weld is a cotton broker, and a man of wide and influential acquaintance. It is said that his appointment will be officially announced in a few days.

The appointment of Mr. Weld will give representation on the advisory committee to both the McKinley and the Reed elements in Massachusetts.

June, 1897. "Nothing new. My family are all well."

1898. His wife died in winter of 1897-98. Sept. 18th, paper says that the President is to ask Weld to take a place on the commission to examine into the conduct of the war. Secretary Long is to present the matter to Weld.

June 15th. Nothing new.

June, 1899. Nothing new.

1900. All goes well. My son, Alfred R. Weld, was married, June 24, to Miss Adelaide Ladd, of Milton.

WETMORE, EDMUND. 1896. "All well." Wetmore was at the meeting at Holworthy 2 on Commencement Day; is President of the Alumni Association. Presided at its meeting in Harvard Hall, and at the Dinner in Memorial. Made a very eloquent speech, and was heard all over the hall; his good points roused up great enthusiasm.

1897. "All well." I hope every report you receive will tell of no changes, unless for the better.

June 17, 1898. I have been leading my usual busy life, arguing cases, which, however important to the parties to the suit, are of no interest to others. Interspersing my regular duties with occasional speeches, intended *pro bono publico*, though whether the result corresponds with the intention is more than I can say. I expect to be at Cambridge Commencement, and hope for the opportunity to take a goodly number of my Classmates by the hand.

June, 1899. Honors? President of Harvard Club of the City of New York, Vice-President of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, Chairman of the Committee on Federal Courts of the American Bar Association. I report, "All well." Harvard's strength and influence in this great city continues to increase. Among all the College Clubs here, the Harvard Club takes the lead. It has a large share of the spirit we knew so well in sixty. And the honor of having belonged to that splendid Class is, after all, the highest honor we have any of us received.

1900. "Well and prospering. Shall be present to Dinner, if the judge does not order on a pending case. Warm greetings to all."

Wetmore did not come, and all missed him. A letter of introduction from him to Ambassador Choate gave my daughter a courteous reception at his residence in London. SEC.

WEYMOUTH, ALBERT BLODGETT (DR.). 1896. I am continuing my city missionary work; and my former medical training is often useful among the poor.

1897. In addition to my mission work at the County Hospital and the County Almshouse, I am at present in charge of small missions at Vernon (a suburb of Los Angeles which has recently been annexed to the city); and at Orange about thirty miles south of Los Angeles. I am busy early and late. Of course I cannot tell how long my strength will be sufficient for so much work.

1898. I am now in charge of the Mission of the Holy Trinity, at Orange, Cal., also St. Paul's Mission at Tustin, Cal. Occasionally I still prescribe for friends when they are ill; and I have reason to be thankful for good results in my original profession.

On May 19, 1898, at the Church of the Ascension, Sierra Madre, Cal., I was advanced to the priesthood (the second order of the ministry in the Episcopal Church) by the Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles. I am now receiving about forty dollars per month. With kindest regards for yourself and all other Classmates.

1899. By special invitation, on April 26, 1899, at Orange County Park, I gave an address before a large assembly of Odd Fellows on the eightieth anniversary of the organization of the order of this country. On June 11, 1899, I preached before the Graduating Class of the Tustin School. I have been requested to give an address next Sunday, June 18th, before the Order of Foresters.

1900. Am working away under the auspices of the Episcopal Church as usual. My sincere regards to all Classmates.

WHEELER, NELSON JOSEPH (REV.). 1896. 973
Broad Street, Providence, R. I.

"A year ago my health failed; was on the ragged edge of nervous prostration. Having resigned my pastorate in Tarrytown, N. J., on July 8th. I sailed with my wife and daughter for Liverpool. We travelled for more than four months in England, Wales, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, having, of course, a very enjoyable tour. . . . While absent I wrote nearly one thousand pages, and much of this for publication. Was in correspondence with four different papers, receiving considerable commendation for my letters. Have now settled in this city, expecting to live here the rest of my life. Am not settled as pastor, though I am serving a church as acting pastor. Do not care to assume again the responsibilities of a pastor."

1897. I have been slowly recovering from the nervous attack. Am preaching regularly as acting pastor for the Baptist Church in Pawtucket. Our home is in Providence.

Aug. 5, 1898. The only thing I had to report was the editing of a book for a friend. It is an Oriental story ("Soo Thabe Thah") written by a missionary who has for so many years written or spoken the Karen language, that he wrote English in the Karen idioms. At his request, I rewrote the entire book, and he says it is now more mine than his. Several educated men who have read the manuscript are charmed with the story.

1899. During the past year the book referred to in 1898 has been rewritten and published. I think the book will command wide reading, especially among the young.

I returned last week from a long journey to the Pacific coast, going as far south as Mexico, and as far north as British Columbia. Have now travelled in all but four of our United States, in Mexico, and in nearly all of the Provinces of British America, besides my tour to Great Britain and Europe.

1900. (The Class will be rejoiced to know what Wheeler's modesty keeps back, that he and his wife have come into

possession of a fortune that gives them a liberal income for the rest of their lives. I wish all the good ministers could have the same at sixty years of age. Sec.) "I am still enjoying a large degree of health and prosperity. I ride the 'Bike.' Still supply Pawtucket. Am engaged in the private study of Archæology. With the ringing old cheer for Sixty, I am yours ever."

WHEELOCK, GEORGE GILL (DR.). 1896. Fortune has not frowned upon me this year. I have not suffered, I am glad to say, in mind, body, or estate. No envious bicycle has robbed me of any of my members; and my family are all on this side the great river, I am happy to say; so, if not contented, I should be very ungrateful.

1897. With the exception of an increase in baldness, and perhaps avoirdupois, I am as of old.

1898. I beg to report that I am "all here," present, or accounted "for." I am in my usual good health for my advanced years, which, however, I am reminded, is also probably the average age of those who would have any interest in this report; so will not occasion any remark. Give my kind regards to any of the '60 men you see.

1899. My only report is of a little more cleared land on the top of my head, and my memorabilia simply venerabilia, and otherwise "All well." My kind regards to Classmates.

WHITTEMORE, GEORGE HENRY. 1896. No Classmate who read your caricature of me in our last printed report, would be surprised to learn that the fiftieth anniversary of the municipality of Cambridge celebrated a week ago, was an occasion for indulgence in the garrulity of age and idleness. The victims were the pupils of the Harvard Grammar School where, I was a scholar for a year, in 1850-51, after four years at the now extinct Mayhew School of Boston, from 1846. It was at the instance of one of the aldermen that I came to be let loose upon them, — excellent children, worthy of a better fate, — and I magnified my office, as a

"venerable man who had come down to them from a former generation." At the evening gathering in City Hall, June 3d, I took up again my wondrous tale, saying to Mayor Quincy (who with President and Mrs. Eliot and others was among the receiving party) that I remembered with pleasure his great-grandfather. I saw him during several years, and once that I specially like to recall. A College institution in our time, but now long obsolete, was the Commencement *Dinner* (not a luncheon, and an apology even for that), prepared by J. B. Smith of happy memory, Charles Sumner's friend. At that of 1861, President Felton in the chair (I was taken — in do you recollect? — as a supernumerary of the Glee Club), old Mr. Quincy, then ninety years of age, a graduate of 1790, made, as you will remember, a most eloquent patriotic speech. His son Josiah, too, spoke, as also Edward Everett, Motley, and Governor Andrew. The latter and General Scott had honorary degrees. It was a great day, all of which we saw, and a little of which we were.

1898. I send the greetings of the Commencement season to you and to my Classmates generally, with no news.

1899. So, in reply to the last good wish, on the last page, must say that not only are the ladies of my family, æt. eighty and eighty-six years, not so young as formerly, but I myself, almost sixty, don't feel, in all respects, quite so well as usual. This reminds me, it is doubly true that, "Here comes Sixty, clear the way."

1900. Continues to live at the home to which his family removed from Boston in 1850, 329 Harvard St., Cambridge. Renders occasional services in the Christian ministry, to which he was ordained in 1868. Is Secretary, since 1881, of the Harvard Biblical Club; Prof. C. H. Toy, LL.D., President since 1881. Is President (1900-01) of the Society of Alumni of the Newton Theological Institution.

WHITTIER, CHARLES ALBERT. 1896. "All well" as you request, with thanks for your pleasant words. My older daughter, Susie, was married in Paris in Oct., '94, to

Prince Sergius Belozelsky of St. Petersburg, where she now lives; her husband, a nephew of General Skobeleff, being Aide-de-camp and Master of the Horse to the grand Duke Vladimir. She is the mother of a princelet, so I have joined the ranks of grandpapas. Prosperity to you, and gentle treatment of the youngsters who prefer illness to recitations!

1897. Nothing has occurred to me since my last to add to the lustre of your pages. The "*fugaces anni labuntur*," quite as regardless of my feelings as they were to Horace and Postumus. No changes in my family. My little Russia princelet grandson thrives. He knows little yet of the achievements of the Class of '60, perhaps as much as any one knows. In your spare moments you might translate some of your last reports into Slavonic, and send him a copy. It will be a nice plaything for him, and it would be no more difficult for you or some one of our Classmates to do it, than it would be to translate *Ἀν' Ὀρόπος εἰμί*, demonstrate $xy = 16$, be an orator like the eloquent Jennison, or work on any of the terrible problems of our Freshman or any of the Academic year.

Salutations to you! it is dulce et decorum to you to put in such good work for the Class. And when we celebrate our fiftieth anniversary, I shall propose the gilding of refined gold, to make a beautiful tribute to you in our aureate year. Now I can offer only my more than proper share of thanks and regard.

Vive valeque.

In the list of commissions which the President sent to the Senate yesterday are a number of well-known men, who have served in various ornamental positions upon governors' staffs and in the national guard.

Of those who are to have the rank of lieutenant-colonel notables are Charles A. Whittier, and John Jacob Astor of New York, and Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston, the latter being attached to General Lee's staff.

Charles A. Whittier is still remembered in Boston, where he resided for years, and was for some time a member of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, as he will be now known, is a veteran of the Civil War, and

was born in Bangor. He was graduated with the Class of '60 from Harvard, and studied law for a short time.

Oct. 3, 1898. General Whittier's name is on the Commission which goes to Manila to investigate and report.

1899. Papers written? Testimony before Peace Commission, Paris, which I have the honor of serving as the Honorable Secretary. Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers served as Interdeste, General and Collector of Customs, Manila. All well, and hope you are the same.

WOOD, WILLIAM CONVERSE. 1896. My work this year is a booklet to be issued this month by the Boston Home Market Club, "Henry Clay and the American System," 100 pages with portrait. It is a historical estimate of his place as "Father and Vindicator" of the Protective Policy, and the substance of his speeches and letters on the same. It is a companion to my pamphlet "Webster on Protection" published a year or two ago by Colonel Clarke and the Home Market Club. I was re-elected in January for fourth time Secretary of Boston Evangelical Alliance.

1897. Gave "Memorial Address" at Woodsville, N. H., at the Opera House, audience of 1000.

May 30, 1898. I gave the Memorial Address at Westminister, Mass., on American Wars and their Mottoes. Since last November I have been on the editorial staff of the new magazine, "Success," edited by Dr. O. S. M. My health is comfortable and vigorous, for an old veteran and pensioner. Have not received increase yet for emphysema, but do my share of panting up the four flights of stairs to my aerial room. I approve of the war, and admire the providence that is guiding us. I believe we should have a paternal government ready to do our duty by peoples that need and ask our aid, but not imperialism, in the sense of planning to go out of our way to seize upon and conquer other peoples' territory.

1900. All well, and in good spirits, "Dum spiro spero." The Wood motto is, "Irrideo Tempestatem." "Honors"? Am still "a youth to fortune and fame unknown." Contrib-

ute to "Success." (1) Have prepared, "The Dearest Spot on Earth," (2) "One Hundred Singers of Home," (3) "Father Matthew, the Apostle of Temperance," (4) My "Jesus in the Talmud" has a near prospect of publication. I am for President McKinley and for President Kruger.

WOODWARD, CALVIN MILTON (PROF.). 1896. As to the great hurricane in St. Louis, fortunately my wife and children, as well as myself, came out of the storm practically unharmed; but yet we are sufferers in the way of a damaged house and drenched furniture; however, we shall survive it all right. My loss is much less than that of many others, so that we are inclined to congratulate ourselves on our good fortune. While a very large circle of my personal friends suffered in estate, they were left, like ourselves, physically unharmed. We have a great deal of elasticity here in St. Louis, and we shall recover ourselves with marvellous celerity.

Aug. 11, 1897. Personally I am "all well." I had the misfortune in April to lose my daughter Hilda, twenty-four years old. She was a lovely woman, and her death was and is a great trial. My human heart is tender, perhaps selfish, in spite of philosophy.

The enclosed ticket was triumphant, and I am chairman of the Committee on "Teacher's Text-books and Courses of Study." So I have occupation for spare hours. My advocacy of "Sound Money" last fall made me unpopular with the Popocrats, and I am no longer on the Board of Regents of the State University. . . . With best wishes for all '60 men.

1898. Work does not fall away as the seasons roll, but seems to gather in volumes with interest. I take your list of noteworthy events in order. My first grandchild, March 22d, and I am as proud of Frances Woodward Mabley as any need be of a second generation. A year's service on Board of Education of the City of St. Louis seems to be crowned with some honor, for my views and advice have resulted in their taking important steps forward. I have

another year to serve. I am writing a book on Applied Mechanics for students of Engineering and Architecture. It will be a year or two before I get it done. Don't you hunger for it? I shall attend the National Educational Association in Washington, D. C., in July; and the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Boston, in August. I have parts to perform at both gatherings. Perhaps I shall see you in Boston. In any event, "old fellow," I shall remember you and other Sixty Men with interest and affection, I can't realize that we are now among the "old men."

"For the important duties which the new school law devolves upon the twelve members of the Board of Education, no one in the community is better fitted than Professor Calvin M. Woodward. Educated in a public high school, and a graduate of Harvard University, then a teacher of the classics for seven years in the public high school, he has been for the past thirty-two years a citizen of St. Louis, professor of mathematics in Washington University, and for the past seventeen years head of the Manual Training Department, of which he was the organizer."

"During his residence in St. Louis he has been an educational worker, always active in promoting the educational interests of both city and State. From 1877 to 1879 he was a member of the School Board."

"During one year of his term I was privileged to serve with him, and can bear personal testimony to his fidelity and exceptional practical ability in the discharge of his duties. He was a member of the Teachers' and Building Committee, and was chairman of the Course of Study Committee, showing exceptional capacity and fairness for both the educational and business departments of the public schools."

"In 1891 he was appointed by Governor Francis a member of the Board of Curators of the State University, and though a Republican in national politics, and the Board was largely Democratic, he was in 1894 elected President of the Board of Curators and served for three years in that capacity. His

associates upon that Board will bear witness to his freedom from partisanship, and to the zeal with which he labored for the interests of the State University. The public schools can have no firmer friends than those who like Professor Woodward are devoting their lives to the advancement of education; and our local educational institutions like Washington University can render no higher service than in assisting in the cause of public education."

"Professor Woodward has character, attainment, scientific insight, educational sympathy, experience, and executive ability.

FREDERICK N. JUDSON."

June, 1899. Births? A second grandchild, Hilda Barney Mabley, born May 18, to Dr. H. C. and Fanny Woodward Mabley in Cleveland Ohio. Pamphlet, "Academy of Science," "Conditions of Equilibrium of a Sphere of Gas." Honors? Re-elected to Board of Education of St. Louis for six years. Led the Republican ticket in April. In excellent health. Am rejoicing in the splendid prospects of Washington University.

1900. All goes well. Am President of Board of Education of St. Louis. Vice-President, Section T, American Association for the Advancement of Science. Have written scientific papers and educational addresses galore. Spent two days this week (June) with Furness in Chicago. I and my family sail for Europe June 27th. Hope all the fellows are prospering.

The Manual Training School of Washington University will this week celebrate its twentieth anniversary by a public exhibition and commencement of unusual interest. The opening of this school in 1880 marked an epoch in education.

The school was planned by Professor C. M. Woodward, and throughout its entire history it has been under his direction.

It has been an object lesson to the whole world. In its course of study, its methods of instruction, and in the details of its organization, it has been the model according to which hundreds of schools have been organized in this country, in England, on the continent of Europe, in Australia, and finally

in South America. An explanatory pamphlet of the school has been translated into many languages, and its cuts and illustrations have been copied far and wide.

In the earlier years of its history the Manual Training School was an object of lively interest to every comer, and a visit to the Manual Training School was put into every programme of entertainment for distinguished visitors. Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, ex-President Hayes, President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico, Prince Walkowski and Princess Schakorskoy, of Russia, Matthew Arnold and his wife, M. P.'s, M. C.'s, superintendents, and commissioners galore, have recorded their names in the visitors' book. It was in the shops of the St. Louis Manual Training School that George H. Pullman, Marshall Field, E. W. Blatchford, and R. T. Crane of the Chicago Commercial Club conceived the idea of founding a manual training school in Chicago. The splendid fruit of that idea is seen in the Chicago Manual Training School, and in the munificent bequest of Mr. Pullman, amounting to more than \$1,000,000 for founding a manual training school at Pullman.

YOUNG, GEORGE BROOKS (HON.). 1896. No "occurrences of interest" to report nor any "changes," unless perhaps, the gray hairs may be somewhat more numerous.

1900. All well. I had counted on being at the Dinner, and attending on Commencement Day (for the first time in thirty-seven years), and had made all needed arrangements. But litigation of considerable importance has arisen which compels me to be here until July. I need not say how great a disappointment this is to me.

Wishing you and all our Classmates a pleasurable reunion and dinner, and health and prosperity at all times, I am

Faithfully yours.

TEMPORARY MEMBERS.

BALCH, DAVID MOORE. 1900. Balch not found since my duties began.

BROWN, CHARLES EDWIN. 1900. Not heard from since 1869.

ELDER, FREDERICK HENRY. 1900. Not heard from since he left the Class.

EUSTIS, HENRY CHOTARD. 1896. "How old are we any how? and through what have we gained since we entered College in 1856? That we still live and are happy is something to our credit. I am still as I was. My son, Horatio S. Eustis, is now the father of a pair, daughter and son, and so I am the happy grandfather of two fine specimens, the male part of which may in time do credit to 1860, though I do not think the daughter will ever be progressive enough to seek entrance into the Annex. I am nearly fifty-seven years old, and growing younger in feeling as years add.

1897. I am hale and hearty, holding the even tenor of a comfortable, but uneventful life. With the kindest thoughts of all I once knew so well.

Through a late visit here of Admiral Crowninshield I knew of Caspar's death, but of the death of Tappan and Horton, I had not heard. When I think of the splendid physique exhibited in our years by Caspar, I can wonder only that such poor specimens in a physical way as ourselves are left alive. Tappan, it is true, was a small man, but the precious things are put up in small parcels, so you and I can still hope

to live on. Did you ever fill out to lusty proportions? I am getting there. I weigh one hundred sixty-seven pounds, but small in proportion. . . . I am gay but shy, and so with best remembrances to all of the Class who remember "Shooter."

June 20, 1898. Since my last, in spite of yellow fever, wars and rumors of wars, me and mine have held the even tenor of our ways. My daughter and myself had fever last summer, were quarantined and strictly guarded, and the "what was it fever," we easily recovered, and have added flesh since. Whatever the fever was, it was not in my opinion the yellow Jack of '78, else science has made the real old yellow Jack harmless. I was the centre last summer of over two hundred cases, and yet only three died of them. These were obstreperous Sicilian fruit venders yclept "Dagoes."

I am not entirely happy. If you can believe the papers soon, the gentleman from Porto Rico, also from Havana, again from Manila, and once more Honolulu, will, in Congress assembled, arm and express his voice, and then where will my old State Louisiana come in. She will be the victim of cheap sugar trusts — that will own their places, as it will be some years before Cuba and its similars can recover from this war, and in the mean time, our crop this year is a good one with a fair price ahead, and we have warning enough to quit the business before our friends ruin us. I will, in a day or two, send you the latest reflection of myself at the age of fifty-eight. It is fair, but the head suggests that of a cotton field in full bloom.

June, 1899. My daughter, Annie Percy, married James A. Ross, Jan. 18, 1899. My wife died April 17, 1899. In all regard, and all health.

1900. Physically well. Still hold office of Secretary and Treasurer of Miles Planting and Manufacturing Limited.

GANNETT, ALFRED WHITE. 1896. Are all well in my family, and there have been no occurrences of interest during the past year.

1897. My boy graduates at "Cornell" this year as a full mechanical and electrical engineer, and wishes to study marine engineering his next (and sixth year) at "Cornell."

Hoping to be some time ere long in Cambridge, and revisit the scenes of boyhood days, believe me,

Very truly yours.

June 22, 1898. Rather late to remark that I am still on deck, and would very much like to be in Cambridge this week. Am still in the Treasury Department here. This is now a busy place preparing matters to execute the provisions of the War Revenue Tax Bill. My son receives this year a degree as Mechanical Engineer from Cornell, five years. He is now with the engineering corps of the Union Pacific R. R. Co. in Nebraska.

1899. No changes since last year.

GAY, GEORGE FREDERICK. 1896. Everything seems to go along about the same with me as it has been for the past few years.

Aug. 5, 1897. Continue in my usual health, and even fuller content, my son having just graduated at Harvard with honors, and in health.

1898. My son, Frederick P. Gay, a student in Johns Hopkins Medical School is attending Pasteur Institute during this summer, and returns to the Hopkins in October. Hope you are all "O. K."

1899. My son, Frederick Parker Gay, was appointed by the Johns Hopkins Medical College in March, one of Medical Commission to the Philippine Islands to make research during this summer to report to the College in the fall. All are well.

1900. All well.

GREENE, GEORGE SEARS. 1896. I am happy to say "All 's well," for myself, and also for my son of '89.

1897. I am happy to say that my son, who graduated in the Class of '89, and myself, are well and happy as we were a

year ago. He is now the manager of the Trinidad Asphalt Company in the Island of Trinidad, British West Indies, and I am the same as I have been for many years past, here in this department.

1898. In 1896 the Board of Docks appointed a Board of Consulting Engineers, consisting of General Casey, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, George S. Morrison, C. E., and Prof. U. H. Barr, Professor of Civil Engineering at Columbia, to review my work of twenty years past as Engineer and Chief of the Department and report. They made a unique report, in that they gave my work and plans unqualified approbation. I send you a copy of it with parts marked red. In December last there was set a stone to mark some work in which some remarks about me were made which I inclose copy of. Upon the advent of Mr. Croker to power on Jan. 1, 1898, my services were immediately dispensed with, and I am now practising my profession here. My son, Carleton Greene, Harvard, is still unmarried.

1899. All well. Hope all is well with all.

HALL, CHARLES HENRY. 1896. "All well."

1897. "All well," and nothing new to offer save my picture, under another cover for the Class collection.

1898.

"Eternity with all its years,
Lies open to Thy view;
To Thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God, there 's nothing new."

The above is my answer to your kind note asking, "What news for the year." Hoping to meet you upon Commencement Day, I am as ever.

1899. Expect to spend the summer in California.

1900. All well. Was on duty as Acting Assistant Surgeon United States Army during the months of September and October, 1898, at Camp "Wikoff," Montauk, Long Island, and at "Forse," Huntsville, Ala. At present am practising human medicine at Corning, Cal.

HAZELTON, ISAAC HILLS. 1896. I am still in the same place, a year older, but well.

New York, April 1, 1896. (Special.) The Julius Hallgarten prizes were awarded yesterday at the Academy of Design, the delay in the decision being on account of a question raised as to the age of one of the competitors. The first of the prizes, \$300, offered for the best oil painting executed in the United States by an American citizen, went to Miss Mary Brewster Hazelton of Boston, for her painting, "In a Studio." It is the first time this prize has been won by a woman.

1897. My family are well, and we still reside in the town with the lowest death rate in Massachusetts, which is fine for the family, but bad for the practice of the old man. I was also very proud to attend the "Memorial Exercises" at Music Hall, May 31st inst.

1898. There is no change in my family, nor in my love for the dear old Class of '60.

June, 1899. The subjoined is enough honor for one day. With renewed thanks and love to all Classmates, I can report "all well."

AWARD OF THE PAIGE TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP.—The trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts have awarded the Paige travelling scholarship for the first year to Miss Mary Brewster Hazelton of Wellesley Hills, Mass. This entitles her to \$800 a year for two years of study in Europe. Miss Hazelton is a pupil exclusively of the School of Drawing and Painting Museum of Fine Arts, and for several years she has been the assistant teacher in drawing from the cast. She is the only woman who has ever received the Hallgarten prize, which was awarded to her at the National Academy of Design, New York, in 1896. The committee of the school feel that her work has always been a credit to the institution.—"Transcript," May 31, 1899.

LAWRENCE, FRANK WILLIAM. 1896. All well. No changes.

1900. No report.

PERDICARIS, ION HANFORD. 1898. Many thanks for yours of June 12th, relating to the Class of which I was temporarily a member. I am glad to hear it is as a whole fairly prosperous, and I am also much interested in your reference to the general condition of the College, and the improvements contemplated. With regard to myself, I have luckily no change to chronicle excepting my temporary withdrawal from Tangier, where the Hispano-American war has already proven most disastrous to all local interests. As you may imagine, we are at this moment following with the keenest interest, the telegrams from Cuba and Manila. It is dreadful to think of so much good blood wasted, and so many valuable lives sacrificed on behalf of the Cubans. Since we have begun the work, the sooner it is over the better; but it makes one's heart wring with anguish to think of the awful scenes now taking place which makes this the sorriest Fourth of July we have passed for many a long year.

June 15, 1899. Same even tenor, devoting myself to sanitary and municipal affairs, continue the permanent controller, and come in at the head of the poll regularly every year. As you will observe, I have no news to communicate. My compliments are your own for your determined persistence. As Historian and collector of the statistics of our Class, you well deserve the thanks and consideration of us all. Are you never likely to pass this way? I should be so glad to welcome you, and to renew our long interrupted acquaintance.

SCHLEY, WILLIAM CADWALLADER. June 3, 1899. The William C. Schley of whom you inquire is one I think whom I knew, and who died fourteen or fifteen years ago. He was a lawyer, and a son of William Schley, who was eminent in that profession. He married a daughter of St. George Teackles, who was also a lawyer of ability in his day. I understand that his widow is living, and if you will write to her brother, Dr. St. George W. Teackles, 702 Park Avenue, he will no doubt give you all the information you want.

Sincerely yours,

B. P. MOORE, Baltimore.

June 22, 1899. My brother St. George Teackle has handed me your note. I enclose the account as you request, but if you should wish a fuller one, I think you will find it in the copy of 1880. William C. Schley, after leaving Harvard, studied and practised law in Baltimore. Married Dec. 17, 1868, Ellen Teackle of Baltimore. Died Dec. 14, 1888. Had three children, Annie T. Schley, married June 22, 1892, A. S. Abell of the A. S. Abell Co. (editors of the "Sun"). William C. Schley married Mary Cunningham of Portland, Oregon. George T. Schley died Sept. 13, 1895, he did not marry. Please convey to your Class my appreciations of their sympathy.

Very sincerely,

ELLEN SCHLEY.

Arlington and Wrenwood Aves., Baltimore, Md.

SMITH, THOMAS PARKER. 1900. Not heard from since I became secretary.

S. W. D.

STEARNS, JAMES HENRY. 1896. "I still am County Judge of this (Stephenson) County."

1897. No occurrences or changes. "All well inside." Thanks.

1898. My life here is the humdrum life of a worker in the mill. Have little news to report, except that the Supreme Court of this State last winter created a State Board of Law Examiners, consisting of five men, to pass upon the qualifications of applications for admission to the bar, and did me the honor to name me as one of the five. As yet, it has proven more an onerous one, than of a profit-bringer, but I enjoy as a kind of "outing," the four weeks in each year which I have to give to it (we have four sessions yearly). So far as prosperity and success in life is concerned, I have had plenty of hard work, plenty to eat, enough clothing, and a good place to sleep. What more does a man want? Presume you have, perhaps, added the laying away of sundry shekels. But what good has that done you? Have n't been able to work any harder, eat any heartier, or sleep any sounder than I have.

We are all bound for the same station, and getting closer to it every year. Then whose shall those shekels be? May you, however, have many of them, and many years to contemplate them.

1899. Papers? Nothing but briefs. No trouble excepting advancing years, and there is no remedy for that.

STEARNS, JAMES PIERCE. 1897. There is little in the way of "occurrences" in my life. I have been connected with this bank for thirty (30) years, and am now its Vice-President.

As to family records, I have to report the death of my wife, Oct. 22, 1893, and the birth of a grandson, James Pierce Stearns, 2d (son of William Bramhall Stearns of Class of 1890), born July 5, 1897.

June, 1899. Am President of the National Shawmut Bank, Boston.

1900. "I thank you for your kind invitation, but have always felt a delicacy about attending meetings of the Class with which I was connected only one year. Since the death of my wife, in 1893, I have been a widower. After the war, loss of left leg, Libby Prison, etc. etc., I entered this bank, National Shawmut, which is the largest in New England, and now I am its President."

Stearns had a most earnest invitation to honor the Class with his presence at the Dinner; that would have added one more laurel to a memorable occasion. SEC.

STONE, JAMES KENT. Feb. 21, 1898. 9.15 P.M. I have just come from the College Chapel, and have seen J. Kent Stone standing in the pulpit, and preaching very dramatically; he has a square long face, gray beard, and gray hair; voice, clear and strong. He was dressed in a black gown. I do not recollect that I have seen him since that year in College.

AN ADDRESS BY FATHER FIDELIS, College Chapel, Feb. 21, 1897. His subject "Fidelity to Grace Received."—Eloquent

Father Fidelis, the famous monk of the Passionist Order, returned last night to his alma mater, and in the old chapel of Harvard University preached to a crowded gathering on "Fidelity to Grace Received." In offering prayer he used some of the oldest of the church litanies. His text was from John xxiii. 11: "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

"It is a doctrine of the Christian Church," he said, "that there is a crown or a reward laid up for every one of us. But the attainment of that reward depends upon ourselves. We receive from God certain gifts or attainments, which are put into our hands to make what use of we choose. We are free to choose, and it is this freedom which makes us truly divine. It makes us free to co-operate with God, or to rebel against Him. Hence we are dowered with the splendid gift of responsibility, and with the consciousness thereof.

"Reason and faith go hand in hand, and it is absurd to think that there is any real schism between them. Are we not all members and alumni of a dear and grand university, whose motto is, 'For Christ and His Church'? We believe those words, and what is that but faith? God's grace is coming to us continuously, from without and within, in a variety of ways.

"How beautifully all this harmonizes with what we know of natural science! And all along on the scale of that celestial ladder of the forces, sound, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, one after the other fall into line, and take their places as parts of one majestic whole, with other octaves of mysterious potency yet to be revealed.

"In the domain of spirit there sometimes seems immense waste, as in the domain of natural forces. God seems to be thwarted by the powers of evil, and there is around us everywhere this great mystery of iniquity. . . .

"God is not baffled, and grace is not lost, any more than are the natural forces of the universe. God works straight forward with sublime patience to bring good out of evil.

"As force may be deflected or transmuted, and the change be carried out without the slightest loss, so spiritual grace may be deflected and transmuted, but it is never wasted.

"Now, in what manner may we be faithful to grace, faithful to the God who gives us His assistance? Let us be true to our conscience. There is nothing so superb as to be true to our higher selves. Let us, then, be true to duty. The sacrifice may sometimes seem cruel, but the rewards will be proportionately great.

"Next, we must be loyal to truth. It matters not by what name we are called in this world, but it does matter very much whether we are honest and sincere and unflinching, whether we act our part as becomes a man, whether we are loyal to the truth, and whether we are ready to make any sacrifice for the acquisition of it.

"There is such a thing as a false liberality, which cares not for the truth. On the other hand, there is such a thing as a most sincere bigotry, which ignorantly clings to the error, but really for the sake of the truth that is in it.

"Finally, let us be patient, and hold fast unto the end. We have enlisted, not for one battle, but for the campaign of life. We may meet with many reverses, many wounds, but let us never give up. The trouble is not that we do not make good resolutions, but that we do not make them often enough."

Here the preacher summed up the lesson he wished to teach by a quotation from Lincoln's second inaugural message: "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

1900. Stone was here during the visit of the Cubans. Was their very wise pastor, and by his tact and good judgment tided them over some difficult places.

SUMMARY.

DEATHS.

GRADUATES.		TEMPORARY.	
Previously reported . . .	34	Previously reported . . .	20
B. F. D. ADAMS, Oct. 28, 1895	1	WILLIAM C. SCHLEY, Dec. 14, 1888 . . .	1
HENRY BURDICK, Jan. 22, 1882	1		
CASPAR CROWNINSHIELD, Jan. 10, 1897 . . .	1		
JULIUS DEXTER, Oct. 21, 1898	1		
CHARLES H. DOE, Aug. 15, 1900	1		
EDWARD F. EVERETT, Sept. 29, 1897 . . .	1		
EDWIN J. HORTON, July 13, 1897	1		
GEORGE E. NILES, July 27, 1898	1		
LEWIS W. TAPPAN, April 7, 1897	1		
LEWIS W. C. WADE, July 6, 1899	1		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	44		21
	44 + 21 = 65		

MARRIAGES OF CLASSMATES.

ALLEN, Henry Freeman, April 28, 1900, to Maria Anna, daughter of Tito and Antonietta Cantagalli, of Florence, Italy.

THOMAS, James B. F., on his birthday, Oct. 29, 1897, to Caroline E. Ricker, widow of Benj. F. Ricker.

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN.

- BRANDON, Mary R., to James Davenport Wood, March 22, 1899.
 FURNESS, Ruth Wadsworth, to James Foster Porter, June 16, 1898.
 HUMPHREYS, Sarah Blake, to Chester Corey, June 2, 1898.
 HUMPHREYS, Catherine Clapp, to Edward D. Barry, June 4, 1900.
 OSBORNE, Agnes Van Brunt, to John G. Forrest, 1898.
 RUSSELL, daughter, Anne, to Harrison Apthorp, December, 1896.
 SPAULDING, Henry Plympton, to Margaret Hastings James, May 11, 1898.
 SWAN, son, Walter B., to Carolyn Leavitt, Oct. 31, 1896.
 SWAN, daughter, Marion N., to Stephen S. Bartlett, May 12, 1897.
 WADSWORTH, O. F., Elizabeth Fairfield Wadsworth, to George Burgess, Nov. 14, 1895.
 WADSWORTH, O. F., Lucy Goodwin, to T. A. Sullivan, April 8, 1898.
 WEED, daughter, Gertrude, to Robert Bithington, June, 1895.
 WELD, S. M., Alfred R., to Adelaide Ladd, of Milton, June 2, 1900.
 WHITTIER, Susie T., to Prince Sergius Belozelsky, St. Petersburg, October, 1894.
 EUSTIS, Annie Percy, to James Alfred Ross, January 18, 1899.
 STEARNS, James P., William Bramhall Stearns, to Alice Maude Preston.

BIRTHS OF GRANDCHILDREN.

- FURNESS, Ruth W. Porter had daughter, July 5, 1900.
 HINCKLEY, Vinton Adams Dearing, born July 2, 1896, Yokohama.
 HAUGHTON, Francis Hartshorne, born Aug. 8, 1896.
 JOHNSON, John Lavalley, born June 24, 1896.
 JOHNSON, Alice Lavalley, born Nov. 30, 1899.
 OSBORNE, Sallie Van Brunt Doggett, born September, 1897.
 OSBORNE, George O. Forrest, born May 18, 1899.
 RUSSELL, John Forbes Ames, born March 8, 1897.
 RUSSELL, Harrison Apthorpe, born Oct. 1, 1897.
 RUSSELL, Edward L. Atkinson, Oct. 3, 1897.
 RUSSELL, Henry Russell Atkinson, born Dec. 12, 1899.
 RUSSELL, Walter Amory, born June 13, 1899.
 RUSSELL, Sarah Forbes Apthorpe, born May 10, 1900.
 SWAN, grandson, born June 23, 1898.

SWAN, granddaughter, born Nov. 13, 1899.

WHITTIER, son of Sergius Belozelsky.

WOODWARD, Francis Woodward Mably, born March 22, 1898.

WOODWARD, Hilda Burney Mably, born May 18, 1899.

BRANDON, Lane Brandon Buchanan, born Sept. 14, 1895.

BRANDON, Mary A. Buchanan, born Dec. 26, 1898.

EUSTIS, Horatio F. Eustis, "father of a pair, son and daughter," 1896.

STEARNS, James P., second son of William B., James P. Stearns, Jr., July 5, 1897.

DEATHS OF CLASSMATES' RELATIVES.

COPELAND, son, Harold T., died July 3, 1897.

FURNESS, oldest daughter, Grace Elliot, died at Sierra Madre, Cal., June 21, 1897.

FURNESS, son, James F., died at Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 9, 1898.

WEBBER, father, died September, 1897.

WELD, S. M., wife, died Jan. 14, 1898.

WOODWARD, daughter, Hilda, died April, 1897.

EUSTIS, wife, died April 17, 1899.

STEARNS, James P., wife, died Oct. 22, 1893.

HOLWAY, mother, Susan Bassett Holway, died 1899.

NOTES ON THE CLASS.

There have been 258 children born to the Class of 1860, as heard from. 140 of these children have been females, and 106 males; the sex of the rest, 14 in number, is unknown to the Recorder. Four children have died since last report (1895), and none have been born. Two members have lost their wives since 1895, and 22 grandchildren have been born. Of our remaining members, ten are doctors; thirteen are ministers; nine are lawyers; one is a priest; one is a Master in Chancery and judge; thirty-six men have written more or less for publication, so that over one-half are, in a way, literary; four are professors or teachers; sixteen are in active business or positions of trust; eight are enjoying elegant leisure, or have retired from their most active work; these last seem to be doing something for their day and generation. So your Recorder still says there are no drones in the Class of Sixty.

COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 24, 1896.

Class met at Holworthy 2. Present : —

STEPHEN WM. DRIVER.	H. S. RUSSELL.
D. T. S. LELAND.	W. S. APPLETON.
GEORGE E. ADAMS.	EDMUND WETMORE.
GEORGE G. WHEELOCK.	GEORGE S. OSBORNE.
SILAS D. PRESBREY.	GEORGE W. WELD.
H. G. PALFREY.	WESLEY O. HOLWAY.
ARTHUR M. KNAPP.	CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.
CHARLES W. HALL.	GEORGE H. WHITTEMORE.
S. G. WEBBER.	WILLIAM C. WOOD.

Eighteen present, on a fine cool day, half cloudy, with easterly wind.

Class called to order at 12.30 P.M. Russell presided. Treasurer made his report : —

Balance on hand after paying for Class Dinner	
and Report	\$159.71
Railroad Bond of doubtful value	1,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,159.71

W. G. Weld, who gave the original bond, and, it proving of little value, exchanged it for a Massachusetts Central Railroad bond, not so bad, and later exchanged this for one that Treasurer could not name.

Treasurer's report accepted. Meeting adjourned to call of Secretary.

STEPHEN W. DRIVER.

To-day Wetmore presided at the meeting of the Alumni and also at the Alumni Dinner in Memorial Hall. His opening speech was very effective, and was received with great enthusiasm by the Graduates. Sixty was proud. Wesley O. Holway, who had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him this day for "singular services" as chaplain in the Navy of the United States, invoked the blessing. The Class was twice honored. At Holworthy 2, "No Punch"! Hot coffee, iced tea, and lemonade were served instead. At the last, in swarmed a crowd of gowns and mortar-boards that swept the place clean, and also broke the record time for doing it, but did *not* break their welcome.

COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 30, 1897.

Class met at Holworthy 2. Present : —

NELSON J. WHEELER.	EDWARD C. JOHNSON.
WILLIAM C. WOOD.	H. G. SPAULDING.
DANIEL T. S. LELAND.	EDMUND WETMORE.
S. M. WELD.	CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.
WESLEY O. HOLWAY.	SILAS D. PRESBREY.
STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER.	WILLIAM S. APPLETON.
CHARLES H. HALL.	THOMAS SHERWIN.
S. G. WEBBER.	GEORGE S. OSBORNE.
GEORGE H. WHITTEMORE.	

Class called to order at 12 M. Driver presided. Heard report of Treasurer.

Balance, last report	\$1,159.71
Refection at Holworthy Commencement, 1896 } Expenses of Secretary }	25.18
Balance on hand,	<hr/> \$1,134.53

Report accepted.

General Henry S. Russell appointed to write resolutions on death of Tappan, Charles A. Humphreys to write resolutions on the death of Crowninshield. Meeting adjourned.

STEPHEN W. DRIVER, *Secretary*.

Seventeen members present to-day. Osborne appeared for first time in many years, and very welcome ; but his was like a new face to us. S. W. D.

COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 29, 1898.

Present at Holworthy 2 : —

DAVID T. S. LELAND.	O. F. WADSWORTH.
STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER.	WILLIAM C. WOOD.
H. G. PALFREY.	GEORGE S. OSBORNE.
ISAAC HAZELTON.	GEORGE W. WELD.
JAMES B. F. THOMAS.	CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.
HENRY S. RUSSELL.	WILLIAM S. APPLETON.
S. G. WEBBER.	EDMUND WETMORE.
CHARLES H. HALL.	EDWARD C. JOHNSON.
FRANKLIN NICKERSON.	THOMAS SHERWIN.
SILAS D. PRESBREY.	

Class called to order at 12 M. Secretary presided. Treasurer's report heard and accepted.

Balance, last report	\$1,134.53
Secretary's expenses and refection at Holworthy, 1897	25.50
	<hr/>
Balance on hand,	\$1,109.03.

Meeting adjourned.

STEPHEN W. DRIVER, *Secretary*.

New faces welcome to-day, Nickerson and Wadsworth.

COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 28, 1899.

Present at Holworthy 2 : —

J. H. HAZELTON.	WILLIAM S. APPLETON.
D. T. S. LELAND.	JAMES B. F. THOMAS.
CHARLES WISTAR STEPHENS.	CHARLES H. HALL.
HERSEY G. PALFREY.	EDMUND WETMORE.
STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER.	GEORGE E. ADAMS.
SILAS D. PRESBRY.	GEORGE H. WHITTEMORE.
WESLEY O. HOLWAY.	WILLIAM C. WOOD.
HENRY S. RUSSELL.	CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.
THOMAS SHERWIN.	HENRY A. CLAPP.

Eighteen present.

Class called to order at 12.15 P.M. Secretary presided. Driver and Humphreys appointed to write resolutions on deaths of Niles and Dexter. As news of the death of E. J. Horton came in just after the last year's meeting, it was not reported to this meeting, but the Secretary included in the above appointment the duty of recording the tribute of the Class to his memory.

Treasurer reported : —

Balance, last year	\$1,109.03
Refecation and Secretary's expenses, 1898 . .	25.34
	<hr/>
Balance on hand,	\$1,083.69

Report accepted, and Class adjourned to call of Secretary.

STEPHEN W. DRIVER, *Secretary*.

COMMENCEMENT, JUNE, 27, 1900.

Present at Holworthy 2 : —

H. B. SCOTT.	JAMES B. F. THOMAS.
STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER.	HENRY S. RUSSELL.
DANIEL T. S. LELAND.	GEORGE. E. ADAMS.
ISAAC H. HAZELTON.	C. A. HUMPHREYS.
SILAS D. PRESBREY.	W. C. GANNETT.
HENRY D. ATWOOD.	H. G. SPAULDING.
S. G. WEBBER.	GEORGE H. WHITTEMORE.
JAMES A. TOWLE.	N. J. WHEELER.
CHARLES A. HORNE.	JAMES HAUGHTON.
WILLIAM C. WOOD.	GEORGE S. OSBORNE.
HERSEY G. PALFREY.	GEORGE W. WELD.
THOMAS SHERWIN.	WILLIAM S. APPLETON.
WESLEY O. HOLWAY.	

Twenty-five made a goodly representation of the Class. Those longest absent and now most welcome were Atwood, Gannett, and Haughton.

Class called to order at 12 M., Driver presiding.

Treasurer made his report, saying that the railroad bond had increased in value and was nearing par.

Balance, last report	\$1,083.69
Refection and Secretary's expenses, 1899, . . .	31.19
	<hr/>
Balance,	\$1,052.52
Amount of gifts to Class Fund for 1900 . . .	637.00

Report accepted.

Secretary announced death of Edward F. Everett in Cambridge, Sept. 26, 1899, and Louis W. C. Wade in Portland, July 6, 1897.

George H. Whittemore was appointed to write the obituary on death of Wade, and S. W. Driver on death of Everett. Meeting adjourned.

STEPHEN W. DRIVER, *Secretary*.

REUNION DINNER.

HARVARD CLASS OF 1860—FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

PARKER HOUSE, JUNE 26, 1900.



Present at Class Dinner, Parker House, June 26, 1900:—

HENRY G. SPAULDING.	CHARLES A. HORNE.
STEPHEN W. DRIVER.	JAMES A. TOWLE.
DANIEL T. S. LELAND.	THOMAS SHERWIN.
WILL C. WOOD.	HENRY S. RUSSELL.
ISAAC H. HAZELTON.	S. G. WEBBER.
NELSON J. WHEELER.	W. C. GANNETT.
SILAS D. PRESBREY.	GEORGE W. WELD.
F. W. HUNNEWELL.	CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS.
GEORGE H. WHITTEMORE.	H. B. SCOTT.
WM. S. APPLETON.	JAMES B. F. THOMAS.
EDWARD C. JOHNSON.	O. F. WADSWORTH.
C. CHAUNCY PARSONS.	S. Z. BOWMAN.
H. G. PALFREY.	GEORGE S. OSBORNE.
STEPHEN M. WELD.	GEORGE E. ADAMS.
CHARLES H. FISKE.	HENRY HINCKLEY.
HENRY D. ATWOOD.	JAMES HAUGHTON.

M E N U



LITTLE NECK CLAMS.

CLEAR GREEN TURTLE.

CONSOMMÉ, IMPERIAL.

FRIED SOFT SHELL CRABS, TARTAR SAUCE.

ROAST SPRING LAMB.

ROAST CAPON.

FILLET OF BEEF, BÉARNAISE SAUCE.

SWEETBREADS SAUTÉ, FRESH MUSHROOMS.

BOUCHÉES OF LOBSTER, NEWBURG.

FRIED BANANAS, GLACÉ BENEDICTINE.

ROMAN PUNCH.

ROAST BARDED SQUAB.

FROZEN PUDDING.

SHERBET.

ICE CREAM.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

ASSORTED CAKE.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

FRUIT.

COFFEE.

CLASS ODE. — HARVARD, 1860.

BY WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

THERE 's a smile in the eye, but it lights up a tear,
As the sun sadly glows through the mist ;
Every heart yearns to heart, for the parting is near,
And we now, brothers, keep our last tryst,
From the meeting of mirth to the last sacred rite
Due to memory — all is now o'er,
Our last chorus has died on the echo of night,
And the old places know us no more.

For in weakness and sorrow, in struggle and doubt,
As the weary soul longs for its rest,
Then Friendship's strong voice shall recall the old shout
When we stood, side by side, to the test.
The heart, all untuned, shall again catch the beat
That it throbbed with in days long before,
And the old aspirations again we shall greet,
That together we thrilled with of yore.

With this faith in the past we will welcome the new,
Our eager thoughts press to the strife ;
Now on with your armor ! Be earnest and true.
Are we ready, O brothers, for life ?
Are we ready to strike for the right and the truth,
And, failing, to strike yet again ?
Come, brothers, fill out the bright promise of youth,
Now help us, our God, to be men.

CLASS SONG. — HARVARD, 1860.

BY STEPHEN WILLIAM DRIVER.

WE 'RE a band of foster-brothers, gathered here from ev'ry land ;
If at first we were but strangers, now united here we stand.

Chorus.

Let us Classmates be forever, let our love perish never !
 "When we're parted, stick together," heart to heart, bold and true,
 Never fear, then, for Sixty ! give a cheer, then, for Sixty !
 Meet the world bravely, Sixty ! Forward, hearts, bold and true !

Pleasant years we spend together, while we change from boys to men ;
 Manly sports and earnest labor, merry mischief now and then.

Chorus.

Side by side we've sought for honor, sought the front in ev'ry fray ;
 Toiling, sporting, this our watchword: "Here comes Sixty, clear the
 way !"

Chorus.

Wasting years may thin our numbers, till a failing few remain ;
 Thrilling hearts and faltering voices then shall raise our old refrain.

Chorus.

OAK.

I'M but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand, —
 Heaven is my Fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage, —
 Heaven is my home ;
 Short is my pilgrimage, —
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast ;
 I shall reach home at last, —
 Heaven is my home !

CLASS DINNER.

Your Secretary was promptly on hand at the Parker House before 6.30 P.M., yet several men were there before him, to give him a hearty greeting. One of the most pleasing features of this reunion was to see the entrance of man after man, and the hearty salutations, if well known, or the hesitation and then enthusiastic welcome for some member of the Class not seen for many years, or at least last year. Atwood, Willy Gannett, Jimmy Haughton, and Towle were puzzlers to many, but Appleton, Frank Hunnewell, and the breezy Harry Scott were an easy guess; their entrance set things to glowing. The photographs that the Secretary brought, proved very interesting; many men had changed so little that the faces were known at once; but Haughton's, Young's, that of Eustis, and especially George Wheelock kept the men guessing. Promptly at the hour we entered the dining-room. Harry Russell presided at one head of the table and Thomas Sherwin at the other head,—there was no foot; your Recorder took his seat in the middle with his Secretary, Mr. Moffat of the "Harvard Crimson," on his left and next Charley Humphreys, our Chaplain *Emeritus*, while on his right was Spaulding, the Poet of the occasion. It was a fine sight; the men had only improved on their appearance in 1895; to look on them was an inspiration.

CHAPLAIN HUMPHREYS pronounced a fitting grace; then, as the courses came on, the jolly reminiscent hum began, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

As several men were to leave early, your Secretary rapped to order with the advent of the ices. He first read a brief summary of the five years. Death had been busy. Adams, Crowninshield, Dexter, Everett, Horton, Niles, Tappan, Wade—Doe has died since—have joined the stars. He announced two marriages of members, and after he had read at length the notice of Allen's marriage in Florence, Thomas,—who always will interrupt,—he needs an extinguisher, called out,

"read that again"; but the Secretary had his revenge in reading Thomas's own marriage. The hard-hearted and unbelieving Thomas had been conquered, and surrendered on his birthday to a fascinating widow.

I call first upon one whom we all delight to honor, one who holds his present high place not by his "*vis inertiae*" but by his "*vis auctoritatis*." He says, "among the many honors of my life I hold it the greatest that I am a member of the Class of Sixty." Our Treasurer, Colonel Henry S. Russell.

RUSSELL did not make a long speech, expressed his pleasure at meeting the class, reported that the contribution to the Class Fund this year was \$637. He had great satisfaction and pride in reporting that he was grandfather of eight grandchildren.

The Class sang two verses of the Class Song: —

"We're a band of foster-brothers."

Next I call up one whose influence is only equalled by his integrity, whose name is in all our hearts, and hands in all our pockets, and yet we believe he puts more in than he takes out. The President of the Bell Telephone Company, our Class Committee-man, General Thomas Sherwin.

GENERAL THOMAS SHERWIN. — Mr. President and Class-mates: I am heartily glad to be here again at the meeting of the Class; there is no interest that comes nearer me, and, I am sure, to all of us, than that of the association of the Class. As we look back upon the forty years that have past, we can see that our record as a class has been a good one. The record is one that is full of interest and attaches us more and more strongly to the Class.

Harvard has gone on, giving more opportunities now for obtaining an education than we had. Nothing tends more to making manliness, however, than the opportunities we had. I believe that when we think of the professors of the old days, Lee, Lovering, Lowell, Childs, Sophocles, — that most eminent of Greek scholars, — and, above all, perhaps, James Walker, it seems to me that from them we derived, — if not

a great knowledge of literature and classics, — we derived a respect for manliness which has never left the Class. In looking back upon our experience, it will be a long time before we believe there is anything better than what we had in the old days of '60.

Our Class Chaplain is worthy to be entrusted with the care of our souls, for in our college days he saved many a man from the perdition that yawned for him in University Hall. He never would believe a man lost if you knew where to find him.

CHAPLAIN HUMPHREYS. — Before I say the words I wish to speak, I must say one thing under the compulsion of duty. I met a Classmate the other day who seemed more hopeful for this life than the next; he said, — “I shall have no comfort in dying, unless I know that Harry Russell has gone before me; for then I shall be sure somebody will be there to put the fires out.”

But the word I want to say is about some of those who have just passed away since last we met together. I noted that in the semi-decade '90 to '95, only three died; but from 1895 to 1900, nine have died. If that ratio is kept up, not many of us can appear at the fiftieth anniversary. But what does it matter as long as all true living is immortality?

Among those who have passed away in the last five years, one was Julius Dexter, who, by faithful and disinterested service, made himself the confessed leader of a great city in the promotion of civic morality and the cultivation of the humanities. Another was Fan Adams, who, spite of physical disabilities, made himself — and I think our other members of the medical profession will acknowledge it — one of the best physicians of the State.

Another was Caspar Crowninshield, our honored Chief Marshal, who made himself one of the finest of our soldier-brothers who threw their lives and fortunes into the Union cause. Forgive me, Classmates, if I linger fondly for one moment over the shining record of my Colonel. How we *all* admired him on that Bloody Monday, September 1,

1856, when, with the form of an Apollo and the courage of an Ajax, he made himself the head of that living wedge that clove the Sophomores asunder and gained the first Freshman victory in the history of the college! I speak of him as first; but it should be remembered, to the credit of the Class, that of the seventy who lined up behind him more than sixty afterwards fought for their country, and one of them was the hero of Fort Wagner. Again, how we admired Caspar in the Harvard boat, pulling the stroke that won the Champion Cup! And how we admired him on Class Day, leading us in the marching and the cheers and the friendly contentions about the tree! Alas, that they were the prelude to the fiercer contentions of the field of battle! Caspar gave himself immediately to the service of his country, and before he had been a month in the field, he was leading a forlorn hope after the defeat at Ball's Bluff, and when he had safely sent across the river in a rude boat all his men, he threw himself into the cold flood and with his watch in his mouth swam to the Union lines on the farther shore of the Potomac. When in July, '64, General Early made his raid upon Washington and reached the outer defences, Caspar led a hot assault on Jackson's Cavalry Brigade, which was Early's advance guard, and sent them whirling back. General Bradley J. Johnson writes: "The Second Massachusetts Cavalry made it very uncomfortable for us generally." In October, '64, after Lowell had been mortally wounded in two unsuccessful charges, Caspar led the third and successful charge that won us the day at Cedar Creek. He wrote: "I saw the infantry charging on the right, and I charged and said — 'God, just take my soul.'"

At North Anna River, in March, '65, when with Sheridan we were making the great raid around Richmond, Caspar showed his quickness to meet an emergency. Our column was ten miles long, four abreast, and most of it had passed the ford easily in the clear daylight. But it had been dark for quite a while when we reached the ford at eight o'clock, and we could do nothing but follow blindly the horses in

front of us. But, without their knowing it, they had been gradually pushed down stream by the force of the current, and soon we were swimming our horses, and one got his hoof into the pocket of my army overcoat and dragged me from my horse, and pushed me down to the bottom of the river, and before I knew it the column was using me for a ford. I managed, however, to wriggle away from the horse's legs, and the moment I rose to the surface, I shouted, "Where is Colonel Crowinshield," thinking he had, perhaps, met a worse fate than myself. But there was no reply, and I thought him lost; for he was at my side when I went under. Later, however, that night I found him and discovered that in order to save the remainder of the column from the danger to which we had been exposed, he swam to the shore, and found the ford, and set lights to guide them over the safe and easy way. Strange, that out of those ten thousand, no one else thought of that necessary precaution.

Caspar was never wounded, though he had many narrow escapes. Once, I know, he was spattered by a shell that, fortunately, refused to burst; for I was standing with him on the morning of Lee's surrender, when the last shell that was ever fired from a rebel battery fell harmless at our feet.

Classmates, I cannot trust myself to speak of the affectionate regard I had for my Colonel. Caspar was one of the most lovable of men, simple as a child, but brave as a hero. He was one of those "whose faith and truth on war's red touchstone rang true metal;" one of those loyal souls who felt —

"'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

Faithful soldier, loved Classmate, we bid you welcome to your well-earned rest.

The Class then sang the favorite hymn:—

"I'm but a stranger here
Heaven is my home."

"I have to announce to you a new birth in the class, for poets are born and not made. Here is a new-born child with

a gray beard. He has written a poem for this night, and you shall judge of it. Our first scholar, our first Class Secretary, and now our poet — Spaulding."

SPAULDING. — When we graduated, in 1860, you paid me the honor of making me your first Class Secretary, an office I held for a number of years, and on account of press of duties resigned into other hands.

As a slight return for the honor you paid me forty years ago, permit me to offer you this short poem.

POEM.

VIEWED from the height serene of threescore years,
 A devious path the ascending way appears.
 Far, far below, Youth's valley fair and sweet,
 The Delphian vale where the bright waters meet,
 Apollo's temple, Aphrodite's shrine,
 And vineyards whence we pressed life's richest wine, —
 In purple distance all the landscape lies,
 Seen through the mists that from the heart arise.
 Yet bright the way has been ; in forty years
 We 've seen fulfilled fair hopes, and many fears,
 Which might have daunted hearts less free and bold,
 Have been transformed, like dust turned into gold.
 Our fallen comrades "came transfigured back,
 We saw in our dull road their shining track ;"
 And all the plastic circumstance of life
 We 've found, as time ran on, with blessings rife.
 Let still our look be upward, for the best
 Is yet to win ; obeying Truth's behest,
 As knights whose armor 's tried, whose swords are true,
 We 'll press right onward while there 's work to do ;
 And, as the shadows show the night draws near,
 Heaven's stars, unseen at noon, will shine more clear.

But, at this festive hour, from grave to gay
 Our thoughts now turn. Let, then, the Muse, at play,
 Recount the honors that our locks entwine.
 Would that the rare endowments here were mine

Of painter and of poet all combined,
 That I might give you what I have in mind,
 And make a verbal photograph or etching
 Of who we've been and what we've done that's fetching.
 All walks of life where Fame rewards the winners,
 We've boldly entered, whether saints or sinners.
 We've been in office, been addressed "M. C.,"¹
 As statesmen well have served our "dear countree;"
 Or, if we failed to *be* such men of note,
 We took the pen and "*Statesmen's Lives*" we wrote.²
 One of our bravest, though in Milton living,
 Has been for many years to Boston giving
 Wise counsel and good service; 't was a tussle
 At times to do the thing — but what feared RUSSELL?³

In Law we've shone through many a brilliant star.
 (No wonder. SIXTY always liked the *bar*.)
 "Old men for counsel," so the ancients sung,
 But our sole judge is one who's ever YOUNG:⁴
 While in the legal calling, so 't is said,
 Few men excel to-day our New York Ned.⁵
 As overseer, and at the College feast,
 Presiding genius — why, he's been like yeast,
 A *rising* man through all these forty years,
 Loved by his Classmates, honored by his peers.
 The world of business, too, has seen our men
 Masters of Arts not taught at school; and when
 Finance or Commerce called for brains and will,
 Our SIXTY furnished both the pluck and skill;
 Magnates in trade and heads of large concerns:
 WELD, WHITTIER, JOHNSON, HUNNEWELL, and STEARNS;⁶
 And railroads, having men and freight to carry,
 Put into office high our JOHN⁷ and HARRY;⁸

¹ Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, Massachusetts, Hon. George E. Adams, Illinois.

² John T. Morse, Esq.

³ Col. Henry S. Russell.

⁴ Hon. George B. Young, St. Paul, Minn.

⁵ Edmund Wetmore, Esq.

⁶ Gen. Stephen M. Weld, Gen. Charles A. Whittier, Mr. Edward C. Johnson, Mr. Francis W. Hunnewell, Mr. James P. Stearns.

⁷ Mr. Horace John Hayden, New York. ⁸ Mr. Henry B. Scott, Iowa.

While all New England knows that telephones
Without our SHERWIN¹ would be dumb as stones.

Our Doctors, who their virtues cannot see?
They win renown and also have their fee.
We 've many of them ; each puts forth his claim
'To work some special cure ; yet, all the same,
Honor and every just reward be theirs
Who make the weal of man their constant cares.
There 's one among them whose chirugic skill
Works for the Class a striking miracle :
Our " parted " members he sends round among
And " sticks " us all " together " with his song !²
(As he 's our *scribe* he sometimes " sticks " us, too,
For money wherewithal to " put things through.")

The Class has never quite gone to the bad,
Such *benefit of clergy* has it had,
Of priests, whose sermons and theologies
Smack of all sects, all schools, all colleges ;
As pastors faithful, faithful, too, as friends,
Their lives devoted to life's highest ends.
One of the number, less a priest than seer,
Shines bright with those whose radiant names appear
Among the lyric singers of the " *Thought
Of God ;*" and Christians of all names have sought
Our GANNETT'S³ hymns of love and hope and faith,
The soul's sweet solace both in life and death.

Another member of the Class has wrought
A signal triumph in the field of thought.
The " myriad-minded " Shakespeare is his theme ;
In happier beauty or in fairer stream
Of lucid exposition was the " Bard
Of Avon " never shown for man's regard ;
Delighted listeners praise his eloquence,
The critic, scholar, wit, and man of sense.⁴

¹ Gen. Thomas Sherwin.

² Stephen W. Driver, M.D. (Class Secretary).

³ Rev. William C. Gannett.

⁴ Henry A. Clapp, Esq.

His college chum, the versifying man,¹
 Has also on the platform stood, and can
 A curtain lecture give, let on the light,
 And bring the distant and the Past to sight.
 His themes are many ; though no artist made
 Or born, he 's yet at times on Art essayed
 To speak, and then *has drawn — a house!*

The time

Would fail me to set forth in worthy rhyme
 The praises of our men of ample knowledge,
 Teachers in School, Academy, and College,
 Who 've guided youthful feet in learning's ways,
 And wear with modesty the scholar's bays.²

One of the Class, renewing Sibley's fame,
 Has had the care of books and earned a name
 In college libraries ;³ while other men,
 As editors, have plied the facile pen,
 Winning an honorable meed.⁴

But now

From gay to grave again our numbers flow.
 For still Remembrance strives to lift the veil
 And bring to view those who beyond the pale
 Of this our earthly life have gone. We think
 Of one whose honored name we proudly link
 With those who win the victories of Peace,
 By civic courage helping to release
 The land from threatening ills ; and DEXTER'S⁵ name
 We add to those in Harvard's Hall of Fame
 Who make our SIXTY'S *Honor Roll*

¹ Rev. Henry G. Spaulding.

² Mr. Charles A. Horne Albany, N. Y., Prof. Calvin M. Woodward, Washington University, St. Louis, Prof. James A. Towle, Yale University, Prof. John W. Stearns, Madison University.

³ Mr. Charles A. Nelson, Columbia University.

⁴ Mr. Louis W. C. Wade, Mr. Charles H. Doe.

⁵ Julius Dexter, Esq.

For us

Resplendent shine, — those great, victorious,
 Heroic martyrs from the Class, whose death
 Has filled men's souls with freer, larger breath.
 No star in all the constellation bright
 Of others' fame and glory dims the light.
 But, while each has a splendor of its own,
 One of our soldier band will long be known.
 In bronze enduring are his features caught,
 And to his fame the Muse has tribute brought.
 Let Lowell's laud of him at Wagner¹ slain
 Be our glad praise of all our martyr train :

“ Brave, good, and true,
 I see him stand before me now
 And read again on that young brow
 Where every hope was new,
How sweet were life ! Yet, by the mouth firm set,
 And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,
 I could divine he knew
 That death within the sulphurous, hostile lines,
 In the mere wreck of nobly pitched designs,
 Plucks heartsease and not rue.”

This is our pæan to our sainted dead.
 Would God, we sometimes cry, that we, instead
 Of you, had died sweet deaths for noble ends !
 One thing alone for this can make amends :
 Our lives on Duty's altar to lay down,
 And find, like you, in *service* life's true crown.

O, brothers who are gone, your world of love
 Seems not so very far our world above !
 Of you we cannot think as there at rest ;
 Ye must be ever on the same high quest
 That was your joy below. Farewell, and hail !
 Upward we climb to you from earth's receding vale.

¹ Col. Robert G. Shaw.

The Muse has fled. Accept this halting verse
As but the humble effort to rehearse
The story of our Class. Another score
Of years may she attain ; and then once more
Some Classmate sing of her in strains above
These lines in merit — not in zeal or love.

“ I will call on one who has ever been a working man. He has rendered service on the Board of Overseers of the University, was selected as a member of the National Republican Advisory Committee, and was also selected one of the Commission to Examine into the Conduct of the Spanish War, General Stephen M. Weld.”

S. M. WELD. — Classmates, I am going to show you that I told Dr. Driver the truth when I said that I could not make a speech. If I might be allowed to sit in my chair, I might talk to you, but to get on my feet and talk is almost impossible.

I do not think that the modern methods of turning out men at colleges are so good as the methods that prevailed in our time. If the views of President Eliot are carried out, you will see him come out with a pamphlet in a few years asking the babies in the land if they will be fed on bread and milk or porridge. [Laughter and applause.] Thus has the elective system gone so far. I have read various articles in regard to the unfortunate controversy now going on between Harvard and the Catholic Church. In one of the articles I read, the priest who wrote it seems to have got ahead of our president. If the Catholics live up to the program set down in their colleges, they certainly cannot get through their courses without learning more than do the students of Harvard under the system which now exists. Boys go to college now, and are able to get through and get their degrees without taking any of the mathematical or classical studies, and yet they get their degree of A.B. I may be mistaken in this, but I think that there is a growing feeling in the community that we have gone too far in the system of elective studies. I am going to turn to our Chicago officer for his views on this subject.

"We have eleven doctors left in the class. Death has been more merciful to them than to their patients, I fear. What name shall I choose? One has already made his *début* before the Massachusetts Medical Society, and, although modest, he will not be timid. Presbrey, what have the doctors of Sixty been doing for the world?"

DR. PRESBREY. — I am very sorry, my Classmates, that I am brought before you with the introduction that I am a public speaker. I will soon convince you that I was not intended for a public speaker. I have been called upon to say something for the profession. This Class, you know, is a class of physicians; and not only physicians, but physicians who have elevated themselves, — men who have become professors and instructors in our universities and schools of medicine. Do you wonder, then, that I come before you modestly, because I am only a practitioner of medicine and surgery? And to be the physician of to-day is one of the hardest tasks to do well. Medicine has advanced wonderfully. Surgery has grown to be an exact science, and I feel that much the same can be said of medicine. While its methods and its results may not be as brilliant as those of surgery, they are of much more general application, and in many ways quite as wonderful. Nauseating drugs have given place to active principles, easy to manipulate and pleasant to take, thanks to the great advance in chemistry and pharmacy. The exact causes of disease have become much better known, and methods of prevention are more accurately applied. Diagnosis is much more accurate, by reason of the better knowledge of bacteriology and microscopy, so that while formerly the physician as a witness in court was able to testify to his opinion, to-day, in many cases, he can testify to exact facts, since he may be able to demonstrate the presence of the essential germs of many diseases. This increased knowledge of causation of disease has brought forward a great field of treatment formerly unknown. I refer to serum-therapy. At our last meeting, five years ago, I spoke of this, and of the great promise it gave for the future. To-day, where is the physician that

would presume to treat diphtheria without antitoxin? Let us hope that we may soon have a similar confidence in like treatment of a large number of diseases!

The man who would be a qualified practitioner of medicine must be a thorough and devoted student, for the practice of to-day is by no means the practice of a few years ago.

I have found the profession not alone a satisfactory life-work, but a field of delightful study; and if this be true of men of sixty years, I see no reason why men of seventy or even eighty years may not have the same satisfaction in the work, if it be their lot to continue in the service.

"We have with us one who has never been seen at the board since graduation. We gave him a great honor when we made him our Odist; he returned the honor with abundant increment when he wrote the ode, so noble and inspiring. I can do no better than to quote the two last lines:—

"Come, brothers, fill out the bright promise of youth;
Now help us, our God, to be men."

"Gannett, tell us, have we been men? or, at least, tried to be men?"

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT. — I hope we can say, Class-mates, with Dr. Driver, that we have tried to be men. I guess we can. I am very sure of this, that we have had a splendid time to be men in. May I not speak for you that if we could have picked out forty years of . . . life, out of the centuries back, in which we had tried to be men, would we not have picked these forty years that have fallen to our lot?

I had wondered what would be the feeling in men here to-night. Would there be pathos, unity, thankfulness? The feeling that I have is thankfulness that we have been men together in this generation of ours. This is a day of emancipation in every direction, a day in which every stroke of work will tell for the good. I like to hear Presbrey glorify his profession, and what has come out of it these past forty years; to hear him talk means that there is one man up in his profession. Would not every man say the same of his pro-

fession? How many of us can say that? Here is one right here, and I hope we can all say that sort of thing. Harry Russell talked about families. I believe he said he congratulated himself on his eight grandchildren. I have not one grandchild, and have not one girl who is married, like this fellow here, and have not had one boy graduate from a college; but I still have little children in my home, and I should not wonder if I was the youngest father of you all. I think you had better take my way; start late, and then you will have a little girl who will come and sit in your lap, and a little boy who will call you "papa." In this way I think I am ahead of you. I am in it.

We then sang Gannett's Ode, —

"There's a smile in the eye, but it lights up a tear."

"Humphreys has called to your remembrance the picture of Caspar on Bloody Monday. I remember another thrilling picture. As 'little Abbott' and I stood side by side facing the heights of the upper Delta, and the fierce crowd of plug-hatted Sophs, how our courage rose as we saw a big fellow at left front, with dark hair and grim face, hatless, coatless, vestless, shirt-sleeves rolled up, hands *closed* into a big fist, — his hands have always been *open* when I have called upon him for the Class fund or a needy Classmate, — waiting the kick off! He had three words, 'Follow the ball!' And we did! I believe we have followed the ball ever since. I call up Frank Hunnewell."

HUNNEWELL rose in response to the enthusiastic applause of the Class, but "his thoughts were *too* big for utterance." When called upon to speak, he had nothing to say, and left it to "more capable speakers."

"With a rare glow of pleasure and heart-felt welcome, I introduce, after many years of absence, the man who stood at my side and sang first tenor in the Choir and Glee Club, whose pure voice never gave a false note, and whose life and influence since represents 'sweetness and light.' He lives close by Bryn Mawr, that we have looked upon as sort of

home of the Vestal Virgins. I ask Haughton to tell us what he knows of that higher education of women."

REV. JAMES HAUGHTON. — If Hunnewell had not refused and stood out against saying anything, I would say that I think it is mean not to get up and show one's face and let one's voice be heard again among the old friends. That is about all I am going to say. I am going to let you hear my voice.

In regard to the question of Bryn Mawr College, I do not quite understand the question, and so I am not quite prepared to say anything about it. That is all I am going to say.

"We have another minister who began his career by preaching peace and the forgiveness of enemies. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he enlisted as private in a New Hampshire regiment, and was soon fighting so furiously and wickedly that they took away his gun, gave him a sword, and made him a lieutenant to keep him from killing people. Wood, what have you been doing for the good of your kind since you stopped fighting?"

WOOD. — Mr. Secretary and Classmates beloved, —

"Where can one better be,
Than in the bosom of his family?"

Our Class is a great family, thanks to the old *régime* of four college years together, thanks to the qualities of the men whom we gladly accept as "brothers." Our two poets prophetically emphasized this brotherhood. Our Class Odist thrice called us "brothers," declared that —

"Every heart yearns to heart."

Our Class songster said: —

"We're a band of *foster-brothers*.
Let us classmates be forever."

It is forty years since we graduated; and from the speeches this evening, from private inquiries for the absent, I believe that genuine interest of the Class in each other was never more strong and observable. *We are a family*; let it continue so to the end.

We are again, too, the Secretary happily reminds us, united as a *family of States*. No longer are the eight Classmates *foreigners* to us who lived and fought south of Mason and Dixon's line. They are one with their Classmates — all now under the same Stars and Stripes, as in our college days. How we welcomed, a few years ago, one of our Southern Classmates at our supper! And one of the heartiest of wishes I have heard is that our Mississippi Classmates might be seen among us.

If I should add anything, I should say three things: —

First, I am glad to belong to the Class of 1860. I am glad to belong to a class which has given us so large a number of men of whose sterling character and eminent service we may be proud. Spaulding has just recalled to you in graphic verse the works of these men of various occupations and professions, and I need not repeat their names or their deeds.

Second, I am glad in the unfolding panorama of life before us. I say *Amen* to what Gannett said. I am glad we knew our Alma Mater when she gave us not only her love, but her discipline. In that, I agree with Weld. I believe that *men* and their *thoughts* are the great formative influence, rather than *scientific facts*. I believe in vital contact with the three great minds of antiquity, — the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin. Next to divine knowledge, that makes *men*. I believe in Providence. Faith deepens and strengthens with the years. The shaving fire of youth has become the anthracite white heat of our manhood. I believe in America. I believe the millennium is to come on earth, some day.

My third thought is that the spirit of youth and hope, in all, I trust, is unquenchable. Montaigne says, "Old men live in their recollections, youth in their hopes." By that token I am young — perhaps because I have so little to recollect worth recalling. As to achievements, mine are not in the past. I am glad in you all who have had June roses and September fruits galore; but my hope is for a few goldenrods and late-flowering asters. "Dum spiro, spero." Brothers, we are all about sixty. A decade more we may count upon; in that

ten years let us live as vigorously as ever. As heartily as ever we sing, —

“Are we ready to strike for the truth and the right,
And, failing, to strike yet again?”

Let our rallying cry be, —

“Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!”

“Another is present to-night who has long been an absentee. Perhaps you do not know it; he is a poet too, and has beguiled the leisure hours of an active and successful business life with pleasing verse. He has a poem for you to-night. Atwood.”

MR. ATWOOD. — Mr. Secretary and Classmates, I have been by the side of a doctor and general this evening, and I think it is not inappropriate to give a conversation between a wounded soldier and his attending physician.

THE SOLDIER OF SHILOH.

Come a little nearer, doctor — thank you! Let me take the cup;
Draw your chair up, draw it nearer, just another little sup:
May be you may think I'm better, but I'm pretty well used up —
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up.
I have got my marching orders, and am ready now to go —
Doctor, did you say I fainted? But it could n't have been so;
For, as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh.

You may think it all delusion — all the sickness of the brain:
If you do, you are mistaken — and mistaken to my pain;
For on my dying honor, as I hope to live again,
I've just been back to Shiloh, and all over it again.
This is all that I remember, the last time the lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same —
He had not been gone five minutes, when something called my name,
“Orderly Sergeant, Robert Burton,” just that way it called my name.

And I thought, who could have called me so distinctly and so slow —
It was not the lighter, surely — he could n't have spoken so.

And then I tried to answer, "Here, sir!" but I could n't make it go;
 For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't make it go.
 Then I thought 't was all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore,
 That 't was just another grape-vine, and 't would not come any more;
 But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same words as before:
 "Orderly Sergeant, Robert Burton" — more distinctly than before.

That is all that I remember till a sudden burst of light;
 And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
 Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite —
 Where the river seemed perdition, and all Hell seemed opposite.
 Then the same old palpitation came again with all its power,
 And I heard a bugle, sounding as from Heaven, or a tower —
 And the same mysterious voice said, "It is the eleventh hour.
 Orderly Sergeant, Robert Burton, it is the eleventh hour!"

"Doctor Austin, what day is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes; to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below;
 "What time is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go;

Can it be that all this happened — all this, not an hour ago?
 There was where our gun-boats opened on the dark, rebellious host.
 There was where Webster semi-circled his last guns upon the coast;
 There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost;
 And the same old transport came and took me over, or its ghost.

And now the whole field lay before me, all deserted, far and wide;
 There was where they fell on Prentiss; there McClernand stemmed the tide.

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlburt's heroes died;

Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died!

There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin.
 There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rosseau waded in;

There McCook sent them to breakfast, and we all began to win;
 And there was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

And now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread ;
And were 't not for this old blue mantle, and the old hat upon my
head,

I should not have even doubted to this moment I was dead —
For my foot-steps were as silent as snow upon the dead.
Death and silence — death and silence — stony silence overhead —
And, behold, a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the Heaven of the Heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the stars and stripes of Heaven, all seemed waving from its
head.

Round and mighty based it tower'd up into the infinite;
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright,
For it shone like solid sunshine, and a winding stair of light
Wound around it, and around it, till it wound clear out of sight.
And behold ! as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare,
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair —
Suddenly the solemn challenge rung of " Halt, and who goes there ? "
" I'm a friend," said I, " if you are." " Then advance, sir, to the
stair."

I advanced. That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne,
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line.
" Welcome, welcome, my old sergeant, welcome by that countersign,"
And he pointed to the scar there under this old cloak of mine.
As he grasped my hand I shuddered, thinking only of the grave ;
But he smiled, and pointed upward, with a bright and bloodless
glave.
" That's the way, sir, to Headquarters." " What Headquarters ? "
" Of the brave."
" But the great tower ? " " That was builded of the great deeds of
the brave."

Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light —
At my own, so old and tattered, and at his, so new and bright.
" Ah," said he, " you have forgotten your new uniform to-night ;
Hurry back, for you must be here just at twelve o'clock to-night ! "
The next thing I remember, you were seated there, and I, —
O, doctor, it is hard to leave you — God bless you all — good-bye !

Doctor, please to give my old musket and my knapsack, when I die, To my son, my son that's coming — he won't get here till I die.

Tell him that his old father blessed him, as he never did before —
Tell him to carry that old musket — hark, a knock is at the door! —
Till the Union — See, it opens! “Father, father, speak once more!”

“Bless you!” gasped the old gray sergeant; then he lay, and said no more.

“We have with us a brother from the city that of all others in America can furnish us examples of the worst and the best in our civilization. The Class is happy to receive him as a type of the best. Adams, what can a Harvard man do in the Chicago life?”

G. E. ADAMS. — I believe I was the first Harvard undergraduate from Chicago. I have a vivid recollection of my first impressions of Harvard, and of the Class of 1860. I came down from Exeter, with five or six others, to try to pass the examination. I was rather afraid I should not pass. On the way out to Cambridge I saw a jolly little crowd of fellows who did not seem to care for the examination. One of them wore on his necktie a little gold shield. That identified him to me afterwards as Henry Clapp. It must have been the Dorchester crowd, — Tom Fox and Charlie Humphreys and Henry Hall. As I think of them, I think of two who died soon after our graduation. Fox, you know, died in the Army of the Potomac. Hall came West; and then I heard of him in the Western army, and then I heard he was dead. He died, with five or six shots through his body, in the act of climbing over a breastwork at the head of his men. When I think of Fox and Hall, and how soon after graduation they died for their country, I am reminded of another Classmate of ours who passed away not long ago. I mean Julius Dexter. I do not know of any one who can be more truly said to have lived for the benefit of the community in which he lived. For thirty years before his death he was known as the untiring public-spirited citizen of Cincinnati.

As I came through western New York this morning, I bought the "Scribner" for July, containing Senator Hoar's article on "Harvard College Fifty-eight Years Ago." Senator Hoar says that the Harvard of his time had hardly changed in a hundred years. I suppose that is so; and there was not much change in the eighteen years that intervened between his time and ours. The great change has come in the last forty years, and most of it in the last twenty. The question is whether it has been altogether a change for the better. General Weld seems to doubt it. I think myself we have lost in some ways.

As to the elective system, I believe in it, as Senator Hoar does. How well I remember a saying of Professor Torrey! He taught history to a hundred men, seventy of whom did not care for history. He said if he could let the seventy go, he could really teach history to the thirty who really wanted to study it,

One good thing that Harvard has lost is the class feeling of forty years ago. It has gone with the increase in the size of the classes. They tell me that a kind of club feeling has taken its place, and that this club feeling tends toward a clique feeling. If that is so, it is a bad thing.

Another thing that Harvard has lost since our time is the beauty of the college grounds. In our time it was beautiful as a whole,—a beautiful lawn, fine elm-trees, and just the right number of buildings. Since then they have had to put in new buildings, and they have put them in wherever they could find room, without regard to the effect of the whole. I wish some large plan could be adopted so that the Harvard of fifty years hence might have grounds, and drives, and buildings handsome as well as convenient, and well fitted to each other.

One great gain that Harvard has made since our time is in its relation to the country at large. I have reminded you that I was the first man to enter Harvard from Chicago. Now a great many students come from all over the West and from the Pacific Slope. That is a good thing for Harvard

and for the country. I was also the first Western overseer; I hope there will be more of them; I hope to-morrow we shall elect Mr. Hill of Minneapolis. It is not that a Western overseer is a better overseer; he is not quite so good an overseer as one who lives in Boston. But it is a great thing for Harvard to have Harvard clubs all over the country take an active interest in the well-being of the university. Harvard will always be, and always ought to be, a Massachusetts institution. At the same time, it ought to be national in spirit, and ought always to keep in close touch with the whole country.

Then we sang the last verse of the Class Song, —

“Wasting years may thin our numbers,
Till a failing few remain;
Thrilling hearts and faltering voices
Then shall raise our old refrain.

“Let us Classmates be forever,” etc.

The SECRETARY rose and said: “Classmates, I had looked forward to this night with anxiety and expectation. I had hoped for its success as a memorable reunion. You have risen to the occasion, and made it most noble. I am filled with joy and pride. When we meet again, in the new century, may you all be here, a little older, but with hearts full of courage and faces to the front. Good-night.”

MILITARY RECORD OF THE CLASS OF 1860.

*Collected and written out by HARRY SCOTT for the Fortieth Anniversary
Dinner, but not read for want of time.*

Whole number of graduates	110	
Connected with the Class, but not graduating	36	
	<hr/>	146
Died before graduation		3
		<hr/>
		143
Graduates and non-graduates at time of breaking out of the war		<hr/>
Of these there entered, of graduates, into the		
Union service	50	
Confederate service	8	
Of non-graduates	14	
The auxiliary service (Hospitals, Sanitary Commission, Freedman's Bureau)	7	
	<hr/>	79 = $55\frac{24}{100}\%$
Of these 79, there were killed or died of wounds	15	= $18\frac{98}{100}\%$
Died of disease in service	4	
	<hr/>	19 = 24%
Discharged for disability	4	
	<hr/>	23 = $29\frac{1}{10}\%$
Wounded	10	
	<hr/>	33 = $41\frac{77}{100}\%$
Whole number killed in battle, died of disease, discharged for disability, or wounded	33	= $41\frac{77}{100}\%$

MILITARY RECORD OF THE WHOLE COLLEGE.

Whole number of graduates and non-graduates, exclusive of professional schools	589	
Of these, killed or died of wounds in the field	69 or $11\frac{1}{10}\%$	
Of these 69, our Class gave	19 $27\frac{1}{10}\%$	
Of the whole College (graduates and non-gradu- ates) killed or died of disease	95 or 16%	
Our Class, graduates and non-graduates, gave	23 $29\frac{1}{10}\%$	
Adding to the College graduates and non-gradu- ates those of the professional schools, the whole number is	938	
Whole number of those died in service	117 or $12\frac{1}{10}\%$	
Of our Class	23 $29\frac{1}{10}\%$	

SUMMARY,

121

Of the Class of 1860.

9 entered as Captains.	1 entered as Chaplain.
11 " 1st Lieutenants.	28 " Privates.
12 " 2d "	7 " Auxiliary service.
11 " Ass't Surgeons.	—
	79
Their final rank was :—	
6 Brevet Brig. Generals.	3 2d Lieutenants.
1 Colonel.	2 Surgeons.
3 Lieut. Colonels.	9 Ass't Surgeons.
3 Majors.	1 Chaplain.
4 Brevet Majors.	14 Enlisted men.
12 Captains.	7 Auxiliary service.
14 1st Lieutenants.	
35 entered service in 1861.	4 entered service in 1864.
31 " " 1862.	2 " " 1865.
7 " " 1863.	—
	79
9 were in the 2d Mass. Infantry.	7 were in the 44th Mass. Infantry.
4 " 20th " "	59 were in 43 other organizations.

CLASS OF 1860. RECORD.

2D MASS. INFANTRY. — Out of 474 men and 22 officers who went in, 8 officers came out, and 157 men were killed, wounded, or left on the field. Time action, about an hour.

At Gettysburg, out of 294 men and 22 officers, 134 were killed or wounded in 20 minutes.

20TH MASS. INFANTRY. — Henry Abbott lost 35 men out of 60 taken in at Fredericksburg in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. 97 officers and men were killed in the space of 50 yards. Of the 307 who crossed the river, 157 were killed or left behind.

At Gettysburg, in Henry Abbott's company, 2 out of every 3 were killed or wounded. Out of 218 men and 10 officers at Gettysburg, 116 remained unhurt at end of fight.

4TH MASS. CAVALRY. — Out of 68 men and 12 officers at the fight at High Bridge, Va., just before Appomattox, 2 out of 3 officers were killed or wounded.

FRONTISPIECE.

I have chosen the Main Gate to the Soldier's Field for the frontispiece of this report, as it has a fine view of the monument, inscribed with the name of Shaw among others. The outlook is up the river towards Mount Auburn. The building at the right is for lockers, dressing, toilet, baths, etc.; that on the left is for ball practice, etc. To the left and rear of this is the main field, for base-ball and foot-ball, surrounded by an extensive seating, mostly permanent, and constructed in the best manner on iron supports. The large new boat building and landing stage is on the river bank, and to the right of this picture, about half-way up the field. The inscription on the monument is here given:—

TO THE

Happy Memory

OF.

JAMES SAVAGE, JR.

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

EDWARD HARRY DALTON

STEPHEN GEORGE PERKINS

JAMES JACKSON LOWELL

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

FRIENDS, COMRADES, KINSMEN, WHO DIED FOR
THEIR COUNTRY

This Field is Dedicated

“Though love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply:
’Tis man’s perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.”

THE COLLEGE IN THE YEAR 1800.

In the year 1800 Rev. Joseph Willard was President, Ebenezer Storer was Treasurer, appointed July 14, 1771. ——— Carpenter was Assistant Treasurer. Dr. Cooper, Dr. Lothrop, Dr. Howard, Judge Lowell, Judge Cushing, Judge Wendell, and Governor Bowdoin were Trustees. David Tappan was Professor of Divinity; Eliphalet Pearson, Fellow and Hebrew Professor; Samuel Wilbur, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; John Warren, Anatomy and Surgery; Benjamin Waterhouse, Theory and Practice; Aaron Dexter, Chemistry and Materia Medica; Samuel Farrar and Jabez Kimbal, Tutors; Joseph Nancrede, Instructor in French; Sidney Willard, Librarian; Caleb Gannett, Steward and Bursar. Latin and Greek were evidently taught by tutors. No catalogue was printed at this time.

At this time the State no longer assisted the College; but its Board of Overseers consisted of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, the Senate, the Council, President of the College, and the Congregational ministers of the churches in Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Roxbury, and Dorchester. The Corporation had seven members, as now. About this time, by act of Legislature, the income of the West Boston Bridge was applied to a tutorship, and Levi Hedge was appointed to the office; if he married, he was to have an increase of twenty per cent. A new officer, a regent, was to be appointed. Willard had a salary of \$1,400 a year.

The personal estate of the college in 1793 amounted to \$182,000; of this, \$83,000 was appropriated to especial purposes.

The buildings in existence in 1800 were the new Harvard Hall, old Massachusetts, Hollis (recently rebuilt), Holden

Chapel, and Wadsworth House (built in 1727). Old Stoughton had been torn down.

The Class of 1800 numbered 47. The first man on its list was Washington Allston, the great artist. In its ranks were Joshua Bates, President of Middlebury College, Vermont; Joseph Stevens Buckminster, the Dexter Lecturer; Charles Lowell, a scholar with world-wide reputation; Lemuel Shaw, Justice Supreme Court and Overseer. It had 28 A.M.'s, 2 M.D.'s, 2 LL.D.'s, 2 D.D.'s, and 1 member of Congress. It had a Green, a Jarvis, a Knapp, a Morss, a Rogers, a Shaw, a Smith, a Wadsworth, a Warren, and a Weed. The following "general summary" of the university in 1900 is in wonderful contrast with the "small beginnings" of 1800.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

OFFICERS OF INSTRUCTION AND ADMINISTRATION.

CORPORATION	7
OVERSEERS	31
TEACHERS :—	
Professors	94
Associate Professors	5
Assistant Professors	42
Lecturers	19
Instructors	147
Austin Teaching Fellows	8
Demonstrators and Assistants	133
Whole number of Teachers	448
PREACHERS	5
CURATORS AND LIBRARY OFFICERS	18
PROCTORS AND OTHER OFFICERS	33

STUDENTS.

I. FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES :—

1. COLLEGE :—

Senior Class	310
Junior Class	392
Sophomore Class	508
Freshman Class	498
Special Students	194
	<hr/> 1902

2. SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL :—

Fifth-Year	1
Fourth-Year	59
Third-Year	70
Second-Year	107
First-Year	179
Special	79
	<hr/> 495

3. GRADUATE SCHOOL :—

Resident	313
Non-Resident	13
	<hr/> 326

Whole No. of Students under Faculty of Arts and Sciences,

2723

II. DIVINITY SCHOOL :—

Resident Graduates	7	
Senior Class	4	
Middle Class	4	
Junior Class	10	
Special	2	
	<hr/>	27

III. LAW SCHOOL :—

Third-Year	135	
Second-Year	194	
First-Year	234	
Special	50	
	<hr/>	613

IV. FACULTY OF MEDICINE :—

1. MEDICAL SCHOOL :—

In Courses for Graduates	29	
Fourth Class	105	
Third Class	116	
Second Class	153	
First Class	155	
	<hr/>	558

2. DENTAL SCHOOL :—

Third-Year	36	
Second-Year	49	
First-Year	46	
	<hr/>	131

3. SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE :—

Third-Year	10	
Second-Year	7	
First-Year	6	
Special	1	
	<hr/>	24

V. BUSSEY INSTITUTION

27

4103

Deduct for names inserted more than once

12

Total for the Academic Year 1899-1900

4091

VI. SUMMER SCHOOL OF 1899

856

Total, including Summer School
4947

THE UNIVERSITY IN 1900.

Expenses per year	1800	Perhaps \$150.
“ “	1900	\$372 — \$1,010.
Number of Schools	1800	1 Medicine and Divinity were classes.
“ “	1900	10
Dormitories	1800	2
“	1900	15
Private Dormitories	1800	0
“ “	1900	15
Number of College Buildings	1800	5
Number of University Buildings	1900	40 Besides Houses and Ath- letic Buildings.
“ “ “	1900	2 In construction very large Architectural Building, Quincy St.; Engineer Building, Jarvis Field; Semitic Building; Rotch addition; Agas- siz addition.
Number of Scholarships	1800	0
“ “	1900	263
Number of Fellowships	1800	0
“ “	1900	36
Athletics	1800	Had no attention.
“	1900	Have Hemenway Gymnasium, Jarvis Field, Holmes Field, and Soldier's Field, with Toilet and Locker Building, Exercise Building, Lodge at Newell Gate, Great Boat House, Weld Club Boat House, and Newell Club Boat House. I have not included in the above the splendid University Club House now being built, nor the fine Club House on corner of Plympton St., not to speak of several others of lesser architectural nobility.

THE UNIVERSITY IN 1900.

The personal estate of the university in the beginning of 1900 is \$8,337,213.42.

The real estate in Cambridge alone, occupied for buildings and athletic grounds, etc., called "university houses and lands," is valued at \$489,274.61; "other real estate" at \$438,203.48; "other estates in Boston" at \$2,502,767.65. Total assets controlled by university are \$11,767,458.56, — a fairly decent increase in one hundred years. Income from general investments, \$462,866.48; total income from all sources, \$1,565,079.21. These figures are from the Treasurer's Report, 1898-99 (1899-1900 not yet out). The October report (return) will show an increase in above figures. In return for this expenditure, there are given under the Faculty of Arts and Sciences alone, 47 departments of study, and in these departments a choice of 431 courses and 30 extra courses. There are, in addition, the courses in the Divinity, Law, Medical, and Dental Schools, numbering 170, not to speak of the Graduate and Summer Schools. The number of pupils in a course varies from 1 to 450. Degrees conferred in 1899 numbered 953. Harvard's daughter, Radcliffe College, needs a separate report.

CLASS DIRECTORY.

- George E. Abbott, Groton. Box 134.
 Hon. George E. Adams, 530 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Rev. Henry F. Allen, Lucerne, Switzerland.
 William S. Appleton, 462 Beacon, Boston; and Newton Centre.
 Henry D. Atwood, Taunton.
 Frederic W. Batchelder, 220 Myrtle, Manchester, N. H.
 Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, 23 Court, Boston.
 Frederic W. Bradlee, 107 Beacon, Boston.
 Lane W. Brandon, W. Feliciana, Bayou Sara, La.
 Thomas Burgess, University Club, New York, N. Y.
 Edward Carter, Montreal, Canada.
 Henry A. Clapp, Court House, Boston.
 Rev. William E. Copeland, Salem, Oregon.
 Dr. Stephen W. Driver, Farwell Pl., Cambridge.
 Rev. James C. Fernald. Care Funk & Wagnalls, New York, N. Y.
 Charles H. Fiske, 60 Congress, Boston.
 William E. Furness, 65 Portland Block, Chicago, Ill.
 Rev. William C. Gannett, 15 Sibley Pl., Rochester, N. Y.
 Frank Haseltine, 1825 Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. Audley Haslett, 115 Clinton, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Rev. James Haughton, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Horace J. Hayden, 337 W. 76th, New York, N. Y.
 Rev. Henry Hinckley, Roslindale.
 Rev. Wesley O. Holway, 42 W. 20th, New York, N. Y.
 Charles A. Horne, 186 Elm, Albany, N. Y.
 Horace Howland, Hohokus, Bergen Co., N. J.
 Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, The Monadnock, Dudley, Dorchester.
 Francis W. Hunnewell } Care H. H. Hunnewell & Sons, 87 Milk,
 John W. Hunnewell } Boston.
 Edward C. Johnson, 123 Marlborough, Boston.
 Rev. Arthur M. Knapp, Fall River; and 183 Agabis, Tokyo, Japan.
 Daniel T. S. Leland, 8 Bulfinch Pl., Boston.
 Henry S. Mackintosh, Keene, N. H.
 John T. Morse, Jr., 16 Fairfield, Boston.
 Rev. Myron A. Munson, Warren, Conn.
 C. Alex. Nelson, Columbia University Library, New York, N. Y.
 Dr. Franklin Nickerson, 53 Nesmith, Lowell.
 Dr. George S. Osborne, Story Pl., Jamaica Plain.
 Hersey G. Palfrey, Bradford.
 Charles C. Parsons, 43 Sedgwick, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Silas D. Presbrey, Weir cor. of Harrison, Taunton.
 Gen. Henry S. Russell, Milton.
 Col. Henry B. Scott, Burlington, Iowa.
 Gen. Thomas Sherwin, 10 Revere, Jamaica Plain; and 125 Milk, Boston.
 Joseph Shippen, 1129 Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.
 Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, 25 Beacon, Boston; and Newton.
 Pres. John W. Stearns, 512 Wisconsin Ave., Madison, Wis.
 Dr. Charles W. Stevens, 54 Elm, Charlestown.
 Dr. Charles W. Swan, 1073 Beacon, Brookline.
 James B. F. Thomas, 10 Tremont, Boston.
 Prof. James A. Towle, 123 York, New Haven, Conn.
 Alexander F. Wadsworth, 50 State, or 5 Louisburg Sq., Boston.
 Dr. Oliver F. Wadsworth, 526 Beacon, Boston.
 Dr. Samuel G. Webber, 419 Boylston, Boston.
 Joseph D. Weed, 128 Harris, Savannah, Ga.
 George W. Weld, 115 Commonwealth Ave., Boston; and 84 Narragansett Ave., Newport, R. I.
 Gen. Stephen M. Weld, 89 State, Boston.
 Edmund Wetmore, 34 Pine, New York, N. Y.
 Dr. Albert B. Weymouth, Orange, Cal.
 Rev. Nelson J. Wheeler, 973 Broad, Providence, R. I.
 Dr. George G. Wheelock, 75 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Rev. George H. Whittemore, 329 Harvard, Cambridgeport
 Gen. Charles A. Whittier, Union Club, New York, N. Y.
 Rev. William C. Wood, 74 Myrtle, Boston.
 Prof. C. M. Woodward, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
 Hon. George B. Young, 24 Gilfillan Block, St. Paul, Minn.

TEMPORARY MEMBERS.

David Moore Balch, Unknown.
 Charles Edwin Brown, Unknown.
 Frederic Henry Elder, Unknown.
 Henry Chotard Eustis, Webster & Hurst, New Orleans, La.
 Alfred White Gannett, 1731 De Sales Pl., Washington, D. C.
 George Frederic Gay, 19 India St., Boston.
 George Sears Greene, Pier A, Battery Pl., New York.
 Charles Henry Hall, Corning, California.
 Isaac Hills Hazelton, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Frank William Lawrence, Longwood, Mass.
 Ion Hanford Perdicaris, Tangiers, Morocco.
 Thomas Parker Smith, Unknown.
 James Henry Stearns,*Freeport, Illinois.
 James Pierce Stearns, Shawmut Bank, Boston.
 James Kent Stone, July, 1900, Cambridge, Mass.

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SHAW MEMORIAL

Dedicated

JUNE 1ST, 1897

Sculptor: ST. GAUDENS



THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

Tablet to his memory unveiled in Boston. Military parade a magnificent pageant. Seventh Regiment of New York and Marines from battleships, and veterans from the Fifty-fourth, Shaw's own regiment, were on parade, Tuesday morning, June 1, 1897.

MEMORIAL DAY this year was particularly significant on account of the unveiling and dedication of the elaborate memorial tablet to the memory of Colonel ROBERT GOULD SHAW of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, colored. He fell at the battle of Fort Wagner, June 18, 1863. The weather cleared as the parade started, and no rain fell during the marching. The Seventh New York regiment was given a rousing ovation.

Governor WOLCOTT reviewed the parade and afterward His Excellency and distinguished guests were escorted to the memorial. The unveiling was the signal for the United States ships in the harbor, and Battery A on the Common, to fire salutes in honor. The memorial services were held at Music Hall. Addresses were made by Colonel Lee, Governor Wolcott, Mayor Quincy, Professor Wm. James, and Booker T. Washington.

The CLASS were in attendance, seated together, and for them the occasion was a memorable one. The scene was thrilling, and the addresses soul-stirring.

A SKETCH OF SHAW'S LIFE.

BY HIS CLASSMATE DR. FRANKLIN NICKERSON.

At this memorial season, it has occurred to me, as a friend and Classmate of the soldier whose monument was unveiled in Boston yesterday, that a sketch of his life in your columns would be appropriate. Additional interest is given to the subject by the fact that the Abbotts, the great war heroes of Lowell, were members of the same Class whose proud record in the late civil war is immortalized in the memorial tablets at Cambridge. It was indeed Colonel Shaw, who, with Colonel Francis, now of Lowell, found the bodies of Captain Edward Abbott and other officers after the battle of Cedar Mountain and carefully packed them off for Washington. Colonel Shaw wrote: "I clipped a lock of hair from each one to send to their friends. It took almost all night to get them ready for transportation." The accompanying picture is a copy of a photograph taken when the Class graduated. This photograph is well preserved, and is a good likeness of the original, but of course no photograph can give the details of size or color. Colonel Shaw was somewhat below the average height, compactly built with square shoulders; erect and firm in carriage, "with an alert, quick, decided step, which showed that beneath his quiet exterior lay all the qualities that belong to a man of more than ordinary character." His hair and complexion were light, his eyes gray, his nose well defined, the nostrils somewhat dilated, the forehead ample and manly, his expression one of good nature and repose but determination.

Robert Gould Shaw was born in Boston, October 10, 1837, and was the son of Francis George and Sarah Blake (Sturgis) Shaw. He received his earliest education in Boston and at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y. In 1851, he went to Europe. After travelling in Switzerland and Italy, he settled in Hanover, where, having become proficient in the German language, he prepared himself for Harvard College,

which he entered in 1857, but left it in his junior year. The faculty voted him a degree later on. He did not take a high rank as a scholar, but was a man of superior intelligence, and had the advantage over his Classmates in the knowledge acquired by his European experience, which was a far better training than the dreary classical curriculum which delves into the verbal and grammatical forms instead of illuminating the sense of authors and thus seems like hammering at the rusty nails of the cask, while the good wine is running out. I sat in the same Latin division with Colonel Shaw. He was the only man in the Class who used the continental pronunciation. I well remember with what pleasure I listened to the native accent and musical cadences of his delivery, I do not think if Mr. Quincy had heard these melodious sounds he would ever have said that if the author of "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*" could have lived to hear the modern pronunciation of these words he would never have given utterance to them.

Our hero's particular bent throughout his life was music, which circumstance afforded me other opportunities than the class room for intercourse with him, for my room-mate played the first violin and Shaw the second in the College instrumental club, called "*The Pierian Sodality*." The two men frequently met in our room for practice. Shaw says in one of his letters: "I have been very busy with the Pierians and my music lessons. . . . The Pierians are getting on famously, we play twice a week and afterwards partake of a little refreshment in the shape of ale, crackers and cheese, which makes it very pleasant." It was largely through his efforts, that this organization, which had been in a state of semi-decadence, underwent a marked revival.

In his general bearing Colonel Shaw was a thorough gentleman, quiet, dignified, and possessed of a Grant-like modesty and reticence. An intimate friend thus wrote concerning him: "His singular frankness and purity of character must have struck you. He was universally beloved and could do what few men can, and that is, tell his friends of their faults in such a way as not to give offence, and also make them correct

them. I have never thought that justice has yet been done to his merits. I have known him six years and known him only to love him more and more every year."

After leaving College, Colonel Shaw went into business in New York, joined the Seventh Regiment and served with it thirty days in Maryland at the call of the President. He next obtained a commission in the Second Massachusetts. His first experience in battle was at Cedar Mountain, concerning which he wrote: "There were 474 enlisted men taken into action in the Second. Of these 120 were killed and wounded, and 37 missing. They were not under fire more than 30 minutes. Twenty-two officers went in and eight came out. Yesterday I went over the battle-field. The first man I recognized was Cary. He was lying on his back with his head on a piece of wood. He looked calm and peaceful as if he were merely sleeping; his face was beautiful and I could have stood and looked at it a long while. Captain Williams we found next. Then Goodwin, Abbott, and Perkins."

His next exploit was the battle of Antietam, of which he writes: "The Second Massachusetts came to close quarters twice during the day. We had several men wounded by shell. It was the greatest fight of the war. I never before felt the excitement which makes a man want to rush into the fight, but I did that day. Every battle makes me wish more and more the war was over. It seems almost as if nothing could justify a battle like that of the 17th, and the horrors inseparable from it."

Early in 1863 Governor Andrew offered him the colonelcy of the first colored regiment, the Fifty-fourth, raised in Massachusetts. He at first declined, because he felt himself unequal to the undertaking, but afterwards accepted the appointment, and was commissioned April 17, 1863. At this time he said: "What I shall have to do is to prove that the negro can be a good soldier. I shall not be frightened out of it by its unpopularity."

The engagement in which our hero lost his life is thus

described by one who was present at the time, at the headquarters of General Strong, to whose brigade he had been assigned: "The march across Folly and Morris island was over a very sandy road and was very wearisome. When they had come within six hundred yards of Fort Wagner, they formed in line of battle, the colonel heading the first and the major the second battalion. At this point the regiment, together with the next supporting regiment, the Sixth Connecticut, and others, remained half an hour. Then at half-past seven the order for the charge was given.

"The regiment advanced at quick time, changing to double quick time when some distance on. When about a hundred yards from the fort, the rebel musketry opened with such terrible effect that for an instant the first battalion hesitated, but only for an instant, for Colonel Shaw, springing to the front and waving his sword, shouted, 'Forward, Fifty-Fourth!' and with another cheer and shout they rushed through the ditch and gained the parapet at the right. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and, while shouting for them to press on, was shot dead and fell into the fort."

Dr. Luck, a medical Classmate of mine, in a letter to the "Army and Navy Journal" says that while he was being conducted into Fort Wagner he saw the body of Colonel Shaw just outside the parapet. A stalwart negro man—a color-sergeant—had fallen near him. Brigadier-General Hapgood, commanding the rebel forces, said to me: "I knew Colonel Shaw before the war and then esteemed him. Had he been in command of white troops I should have given him an honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench with the negroes that fell with him."

"The burial party were then at work, and no doubt Colonel Shaw was buried just beyond the ditch of the fort in the trench where I saw our dead indiscriminately thrown. Two days afterwards a rebel surgeon told me that Hapgood had carried out his threat. I am sure I was the last Union man that saw the remains of the brave colonel."

I cannot better close this sketch than with the words of our Class Book of 1860:

"The memory of Colonel Shaw belongs to his country and is enshrined in the hearts of the race for whose deliverance he gave his life; but whenever his name is mentioned and his heroic services are praised each of us will say with pride, as we recall his manly virtues, 'He was my Class-mate.'"

FRANKLIN NICKERSON.

The beautiful Heliotype accompanying this sketch is from a photograph taken by Albert E. Fowler of Boston, Mass., under very favorable conditions. One taken now could not be so perfect on account of the stains of time. He very generously allows me to use it for the Class, and it is with pleasure that I give his name.

S. W. DRIVER, *Secretary*.

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